



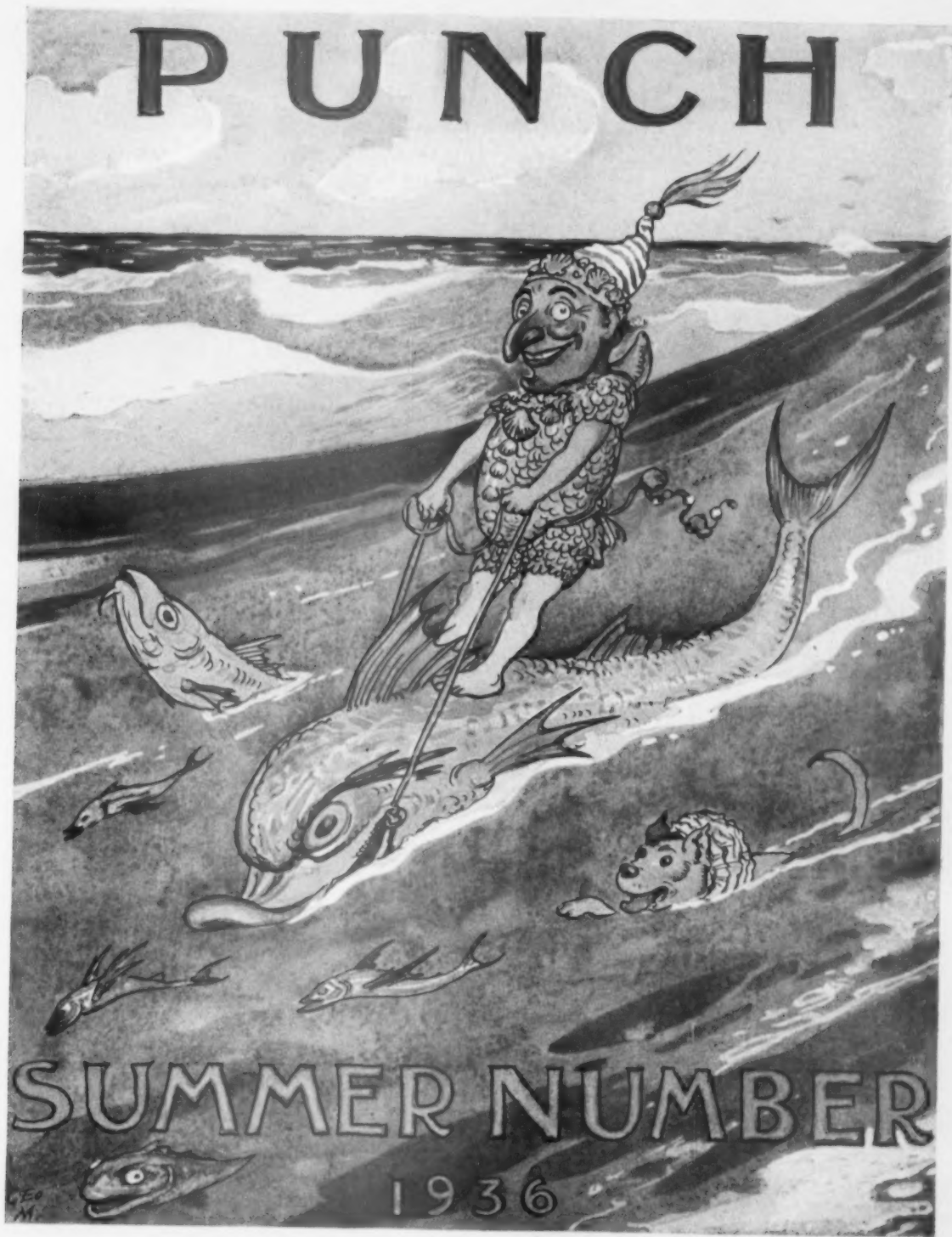
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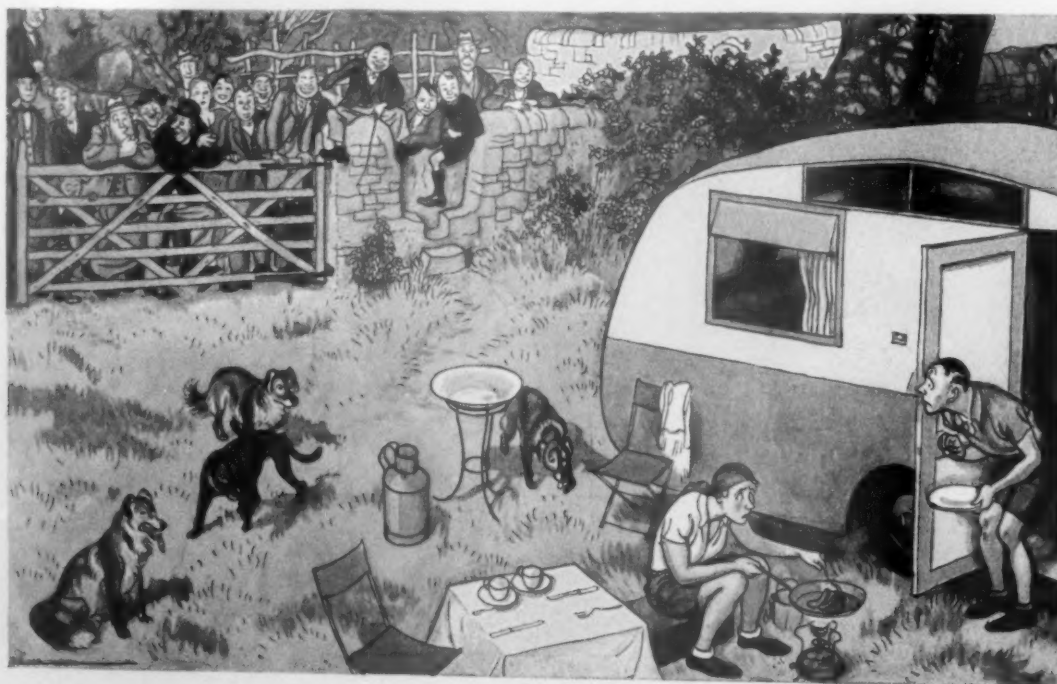
# TASTE IN CAMP SITES.



ISNT IT AMAZING HOW PEOPLE FLOCK TOGETHER LIKE SHEEP IN THESE MAIN-ROAD CAMPING GROUNDS—



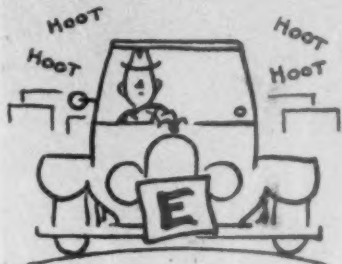
WHEN JUST A LITTLE EXPLORING ROUND THE SIDE-ROADS WOULD BRING THEM TO GLORIOUS QUIET NOOKS—



WHERE THEY COULD ENJOY THE REAL COUNTRY?



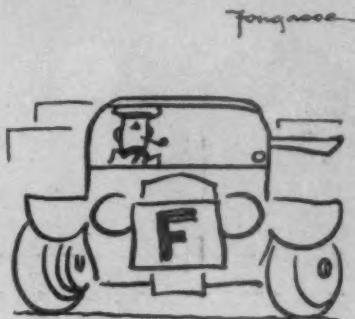
NOW THAT WE'RE ACCUSTOMED TO THE LEARNER'S BADGE, WHAT ABOUT ALL THE OTHER MENACES THAT NEED ONE VERY MUCH MORE—



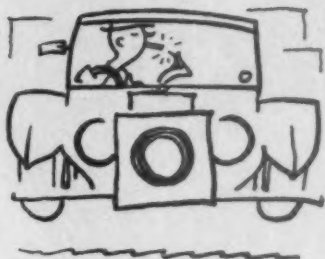
THE EGOIST—



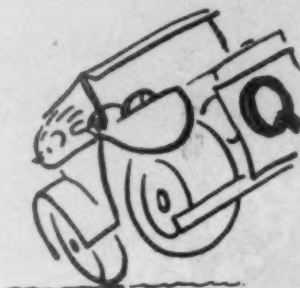
THE CHATTERER—



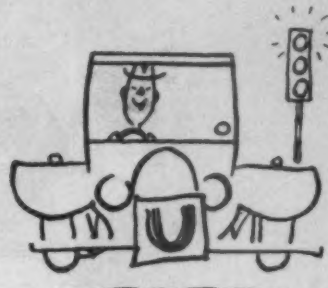
THE FORGETFUL—



THE OPTIMIST—



THE QUIXOTIC—



THE UNOBSERVANT—



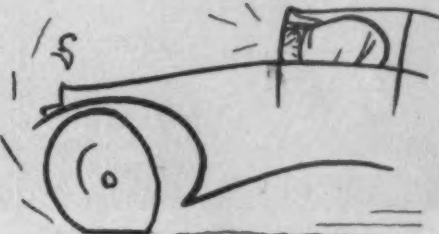
THE IMPRESSIONABLE—



THE PETULANT—



THE STARK-STARING—



AND THE BLIGHT?



THE COX WHO MISSED THE TURNING.



ANTICIPATION.



REALIZATION.



NEWS ITEMS FOR THE SILLY SEASON.



SHARK SAVES SAILOR FROM DROWNING IN WEST INDIES.



CAPTAIN OF POLO TEAM FROM LAPLAND ARRIVES AT RANELAGH.



CROATIAN CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT CLIMBS FLAGSTAFF ON CITY HALL TO CELEBRATE HIS BIRTHDAY.



DICTATOR OF PARAGANIA KICKED BY LLAMA.



BOY EXPLORER CROSSES SAHARA ON ROLLER-SKATES.



BOO HOO, THE FAMOUS GORILLA-CROONER, SITS FOR HIS BUST TO ACADEMICIAN.



May 25, 1936

Punch Summer Number—1936.



"LET'S SEE NOW, SAM, IS THAT THE FOURTH OR THE FIFTH TIME THAT THE MEGALOMANIAC HAS BEEN THERE AND BACK SINCE WE LEFT SOUTHAMPTON FOR NOO YORK ON THE SAME DAY?"

### At the Bogchester Point-to-Point.

"COME, come, Madam, this won't do!"  
 "You must take charge of your horse, Madam."  
 "Why don't you sit on his head?"

Confused shouting greets my ears as I arrive at the scene of our annual point-to-point. I hurry forward to



"CAUSING A SERIOUS DISLOCATION OF TRAFFIC ARRANGEMENTS."

investigate and discover that an awkward incident has occurred. In preparation for the Ladies' Race Mrs. Gloop has been putting into a canter the large white horse which under her expert guidance has been one of the landmarks of the Hunt during the past season. Apparently this magnificent animal had found the unwonted exercise extremely tiring and has had to lie down for a short rest. Most unfortunately it has chosen to do so in the only entrance to the five-shilling car-park. A serious dislocation of the traffic arrangements has resulted and many of the more important members of the Hunt have gathered round the prostrate animal to discuss means for overcoming this unexpected difficulty.

### AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION.

Expert horsewoman though she is, Mrs. Gloop is for the moment nonplussed. The horse is lying comfortably in a large pool of water and liquid mud, and she is naturally disinclined to descend from her place in the saddle, as some are insisting. Police-Constable John Budge, who is directing the traffic, makes further difficulties by pointing out that the hindquarters of the animal are projecting on to the highway within the meaning of the Act. He has already taken out his notebook and is talking of charging her with obstruction.

Mrs. Gloop, however, has no patience with such pettifoggery interference. She suggests, sensibly enough, that if people will only wait until her horse has recovered its

breath it will—as she knows from long experience—most certainly move off on its own initiative.

### HORSEMANLIKE METHODS.

I, however, have a better way. Constant attendance at point-to-points has given me a knowledge of the finer technique of horsemanship such as is never acquired in the rough-and-tumble of the hunting-field. Taking from my pocket the carrot which I always carry on these occasions, I suspend it from my shooting-stick a few yards from the animal's nose. The effect is instantaneous; a gleam comes into its eyes, it rises slowly to its feet and moves a few paces forward. The road to the car-park is now open, and after receiving the profuse thanks of all present I move over to the Stewards' Tent, where I feel certain that my advice is being most anxiously awaited.

### SUSPICIONS OF FOUL PLAY.

And it is as I had expected. In my absence one of those little difficulties from which even the best-run point-to-point is not immune, has already cropped up. The Young Farmers' Race has just been run and has been won by young William Marsden, who came in a mile-and-a-half in front of the rest of the field. Investigation showed that all the others had missed their way at the turn at the far end of the course and that this was due to the fact that a patrol of the Bogchester Boy Scouts had marked out a parade-ground there, using flags on poles exactly similar to the marking-flags of the course. What makes the matter more serious is the fact that William Marsden's young brother in known to be an extremely keen member of the Bogchester Boy Scouts.

It is of course very difficult to prove anything, but



"A SMALL TROPHY TO BE HELD FOR A YEAR."

suspicion remains; and on my advice the Stewards decide that the first prize for the Young Farmers' Race shall be a small trophy to be held for a year, and that the prize-money shall go to the second horse.

### THE LADIES' RACE STARTS.

At this point the Stewards are called away to arrange the start of the Ladies' Race and I am left to climb to

the top of the hill, where a delightfully cool wind is blowing and where a capital view may be obtained of the racing.

There are but three entries in the Ladies' Race this year—a somewhat smaller number than usual owing to the formidable nature of two of the entrants. And as they thunder by on the first part of the course it is obvious to me that Miss Stiggins is already out of the running. The race lies between Mrs. Gloop and a member of a neighbouring Hunt, Mrs. Wardlepin-Williams, who has a reputation as a horsewoman throughout the whole county.

#### INTERESTING TECHNIQUE.

The two ladies employ a vastly different technique. Mrs. Wardlepin-Williams, coming from a stone-wall country, evidently believes in clearing all hedges with several inches to spare. But Mrs. Gloop, with a vast experience of our own conditions and with supreme confidence in her horse, goes straight through every obstacle in her path as though it scarcely existed. Her progress, though a good deal slower than that of her rival, is very much surer, and I for one feel that the reputation of our Hunt is in safe hands.

And it is as the riders come into view for the second time now on the last part of the course that the superiority of Mrs. Gloop's methods becomes apparent. Mrs. Wardlepin-Williams' horse, visibly tiring, refuses at the high thick hedge some six hundred yards from the winning-post. Three times it refuses, and then Mrs. Gloop, cantering slowly but with irresistible inertia, crashes through the



"MISS STIGGINS IS OBVIOUSLY OUT OF THE RACE."

obstacle to take the lead, leaving her rival to follow through the gap.

#### AN EMBARRASSING INCIDENT.

Great excitement now prevails. There is but one obstacle before the winning-post—a low bank surmounted, except for the gap made for the race, by a tall impenetrable hedge. Mrs. Gloop's horse is now going slower and slower, while the horse behind her seems imbued with new life.

Nevertheless Mrs. Gloop is still in the lead when her

horse reaches the bank and starts to climb laboriously over. It reaches the top with a great effort, but the gallant animal is obviously spent. With an audible sigh it lowers its hindquarters and settles down to rest on the top of the bank.

There is now a pause in the progress of the race. Mrs. Wardlepin-Williams is forced to rein in abruptly and can be heard abruptly demanding to be allowed to pass. But



"SETTLES DOWN TO REST ON TOP OF THE BANK."

it is obvious to us that Mrs. Gloop, even if she were willing to comply with this unsportsmanlike request, is quite unable to do so. She is heard to reply sharply that her horse will continue the race when it has recovered its breath.

Meanwhile, perched on her eyrie and the object of all eyes, she occupies an unfortunately conspicuous position. And her embarrassment is not lessened by such cries from the rougher element as "The Cunarder's aground again."

#### WELL-EARNED VICTORY.

After much further unavailing argument, Mrs. Wardlepin-Williams sets off down the hedge-side to look for another gap; and at that moment Mrs. Gloop's horse rises to its feet, clears its throat and springs forward at a brisk canter to win the race by a short head from Miss Stiggins, who has been coming up unobtrusively in the rear. So overwhelming a victory over our rival from the other Hunt is as unexpected as it is welcome, and the air resounds with wild cheering.

I make my way back to the Stewards' Tent and find that Mrs. Wardlepin-Williams has already arrived to register a protest. She has produced a book of National Hunt Rules and is endeavouring to prove from it that she has been robbed of victory by unorthodox methods. Naturally I am asked for my opinion, and I unhesitatingly affirm that the highest traditions of our Hunt have been maintained throughout the race.

At the same time I emphasise that had the entrants followed my advice and equipped themselves with carrots the situation need never have arisen.

H. W. M.



# Lament for a Wisdom Tooth.

COME, let us mourn my wisdom tooth!  
This afternoon we twain were parted  
(Although I'm not, to tell the truth,  
Precisely broken-hearted:  
The pain of the bereavement comes  
Less from the heart than from the  
gums).

Nevertheless we two were one  
Until the dentist's shrewd inspection  
Shortly before the deed was done  
That severed our connection.  
Such was its friendship with my tongue  
At least it shall not die unsung.

No ordinary tooth was mine,  
And I shall miss it not a little;  
It had a pretty taste in wine,  
It chewed a pretty victual;  
My only claim to fame in youth  
Was for the sweetness of my tooth.

The dentist looked at it askance;  
It looked at him, it looked pathetic;  
Unmoved he put it in a trance  
With local anaesthetic.  
"Now then," he said, "hold tight; I'll  
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He did; but not before it bit him.

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Within a spirit-bottle;  
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My tooth alike in flesh and spirit.

## Curtains.

It was while Edith was away in  
Shropshire nursing a sick aunt that  
I accidentally set fire to the casement  
curtains in the front-room, and before  
I could get to work with the soda-  
siphon two of them were damaged  
beyond repair. So I phoned up  
Pongletons and asked them to send  
a man with a tape-measure and a book  
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despatched right away, and he arrived  
two days later.

"It's only a small job," I said. "I  
just want to match those other cur-  
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peacefully and quietly by yourself,  
I'll get on with this poem I'm  
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I sat down at my typewriter and  
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"I'm afraid we can't match this  
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"I'm afraid I shan't be able to use  
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It isn't only that the rods are old-  
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"Do just as you like," I said; "but  
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"If it was my own window and I  
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With a little fat face and a little fat  
head,  
As round as a dumpling and plump as  
a dove—  
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Little fat lady, I've no use at all  
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But three rolling chins are a failing of  
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# FILM STARS' "GENERAL POST."

A SUGGESTION ON READING THAT SCREEN ARTISTS COMPLAIN THAT THEY ARE "TYPED."



May 25, 1936

# Punch Summer Number—1936.



ROMANCE.

THE HOLIDAY THAT IS DIFFERENT.  
(See Advertisements.)



HIRE YOUR FLOATING HOME. GO WHERE YOU LIKE; TWO HUNDRED MILES OF ENGLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WATER-WAYS TO CHOOSE FROM—



BATHING UNDER IDYLIC CONDITIONS—

May 25, 1936

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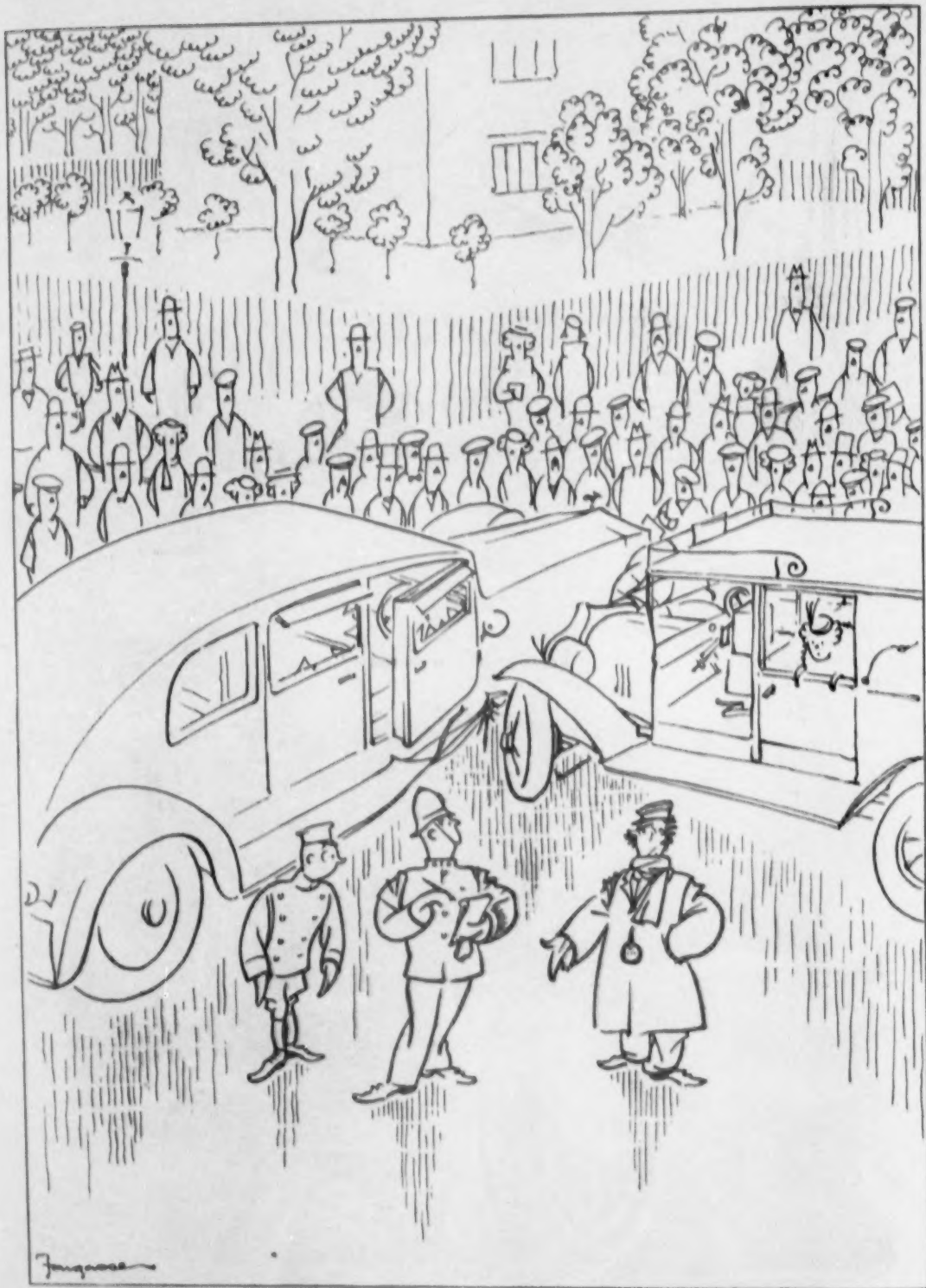
THE HOLIDAY THAT IS DIFFERENT.



EVERY VARIETY OF FISHING—



AND THEN THE QUIET PEACEFUL MOONLIT NIGHTS!



"THAT'S RIGHT—ONE LAW FOR THE RICH AND HALF-A-DOZEN FOR THE POOR!"



May 28, 1936

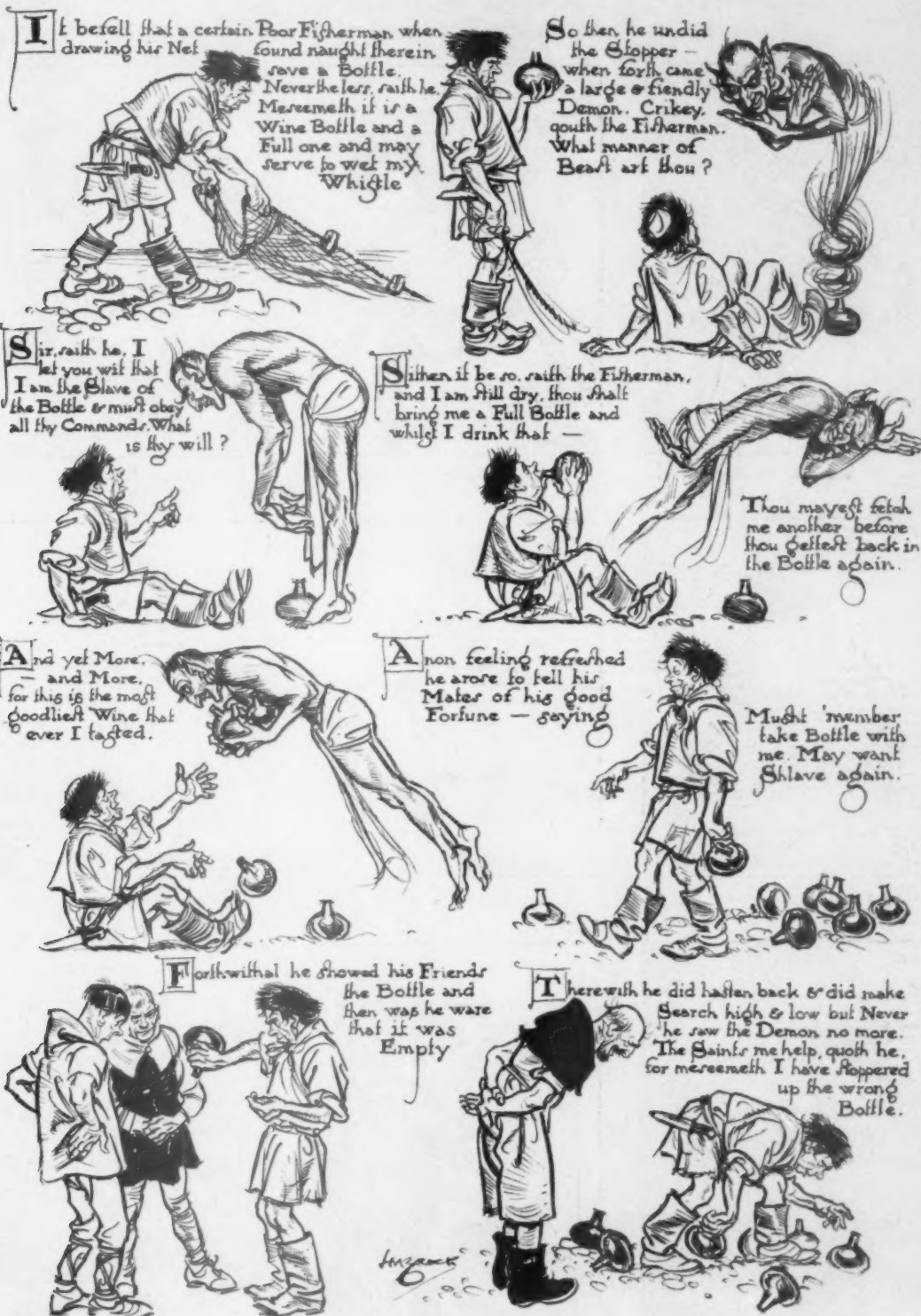
**Punch Summer Number—1936.**



*Captain of Home Side.* "WE JUST HAD TO HAVE A NEW PAVILION—PEOPLE WERE BEGINNING TO CHAFF US ABOUT THE OLD ONE."



"IT'S ALL A MATTER OF 'ROAD-SENSE,' OLD BOY."



THE BOTTLE IMP.



THE TOUR OF THE WEST  
BY TWO ENTHUSIASTIC AMATEUR-PHOTOGRAPHERS.



"DON'T MISS SALISBURY CATHEDRAL,



THE HOE AT PLYMOUTH,



THE QUAIN'T VILLAGE OF NEWLYN,



THE LIZARD LIGHTHOUSE,



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT,



JOLLY WESTON-SUPER-MARE,



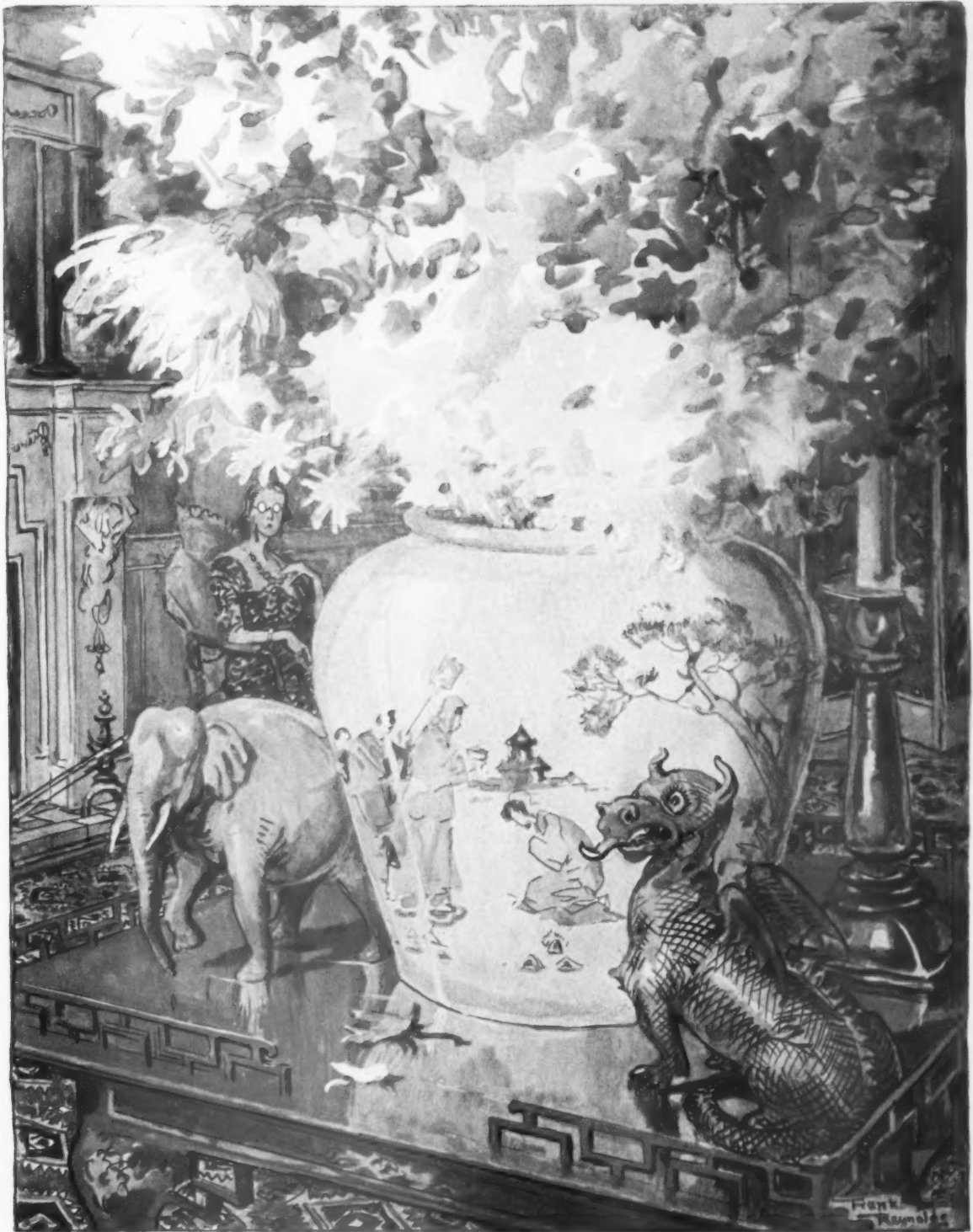
PREHISTORIC CHEDDAR CAVES,



OLD ROMAN REMAINS AT BATH,



AND INCREDIBLE STONEHENGE."



THE STILL-LIFE SPECIALIST PAINTS A PORTRAIT.

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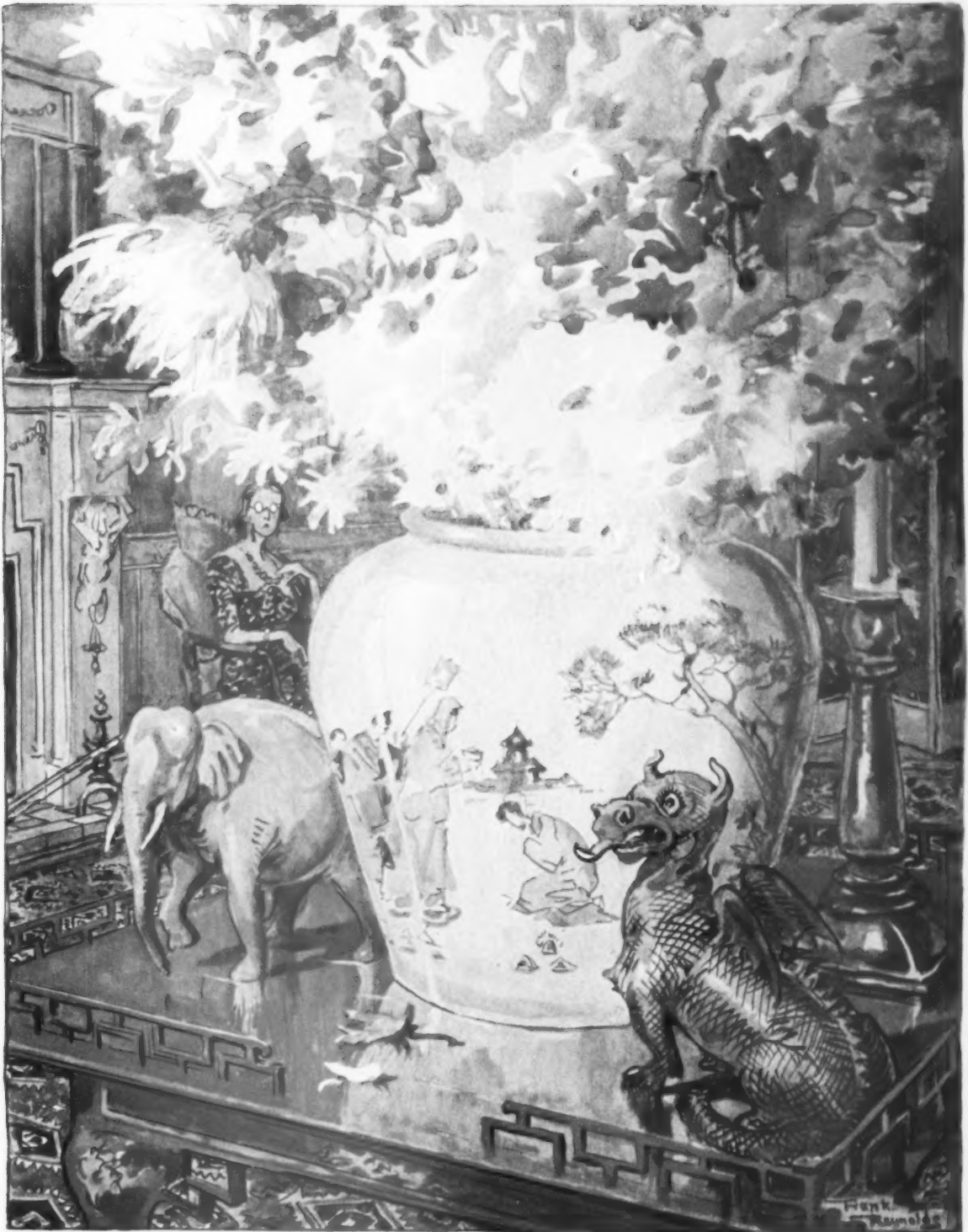


OLD ROMAN REMAINS AT BATH.



AND INCREDIBLE STONEHENGE."





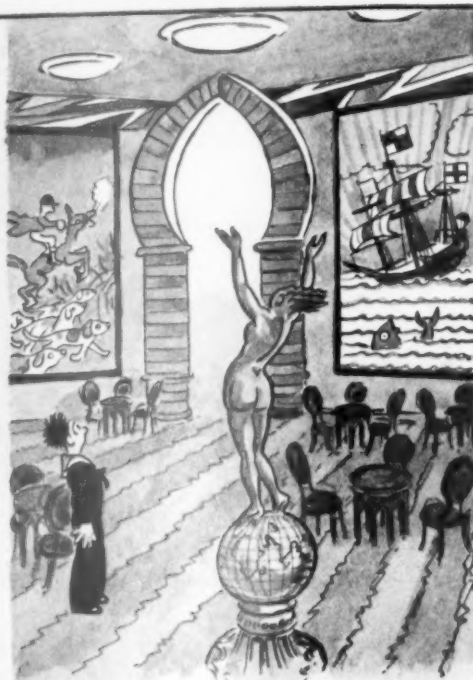
THE STILL-LIFE SPECIALIST PAINTS A PORTRAIT.



THE ARTISTIC A.B. ABOARD THE SUPER-DECORATED LUXURY LINER—



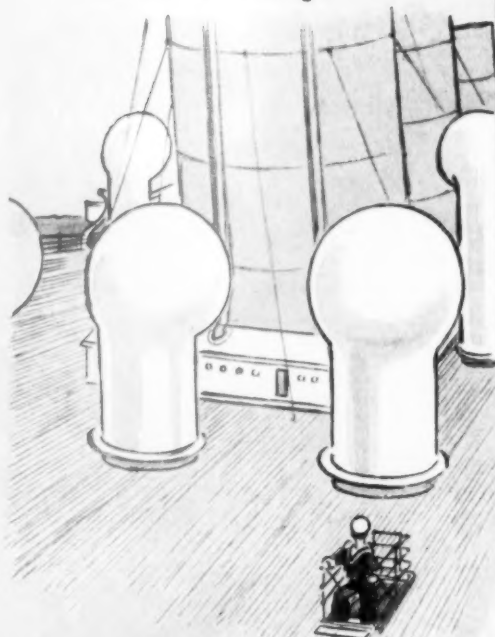
The Dining Saloon —



— The Lounge —



— The Smoke Room.



The IDEA!

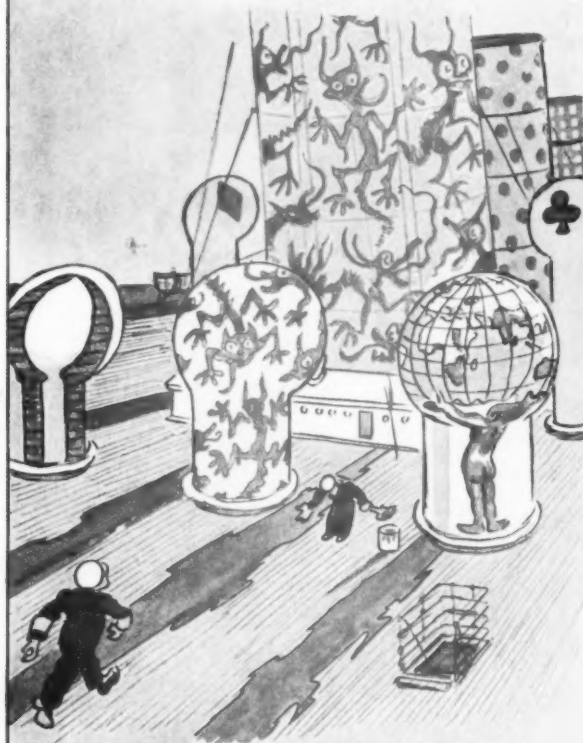
—AND WHAT BEFELL HIM.



The surreptitious visit to the Paint Locker.



The carrying out of the Idea.



The pride of the TRUE ARTIST —



— and his REWARD.

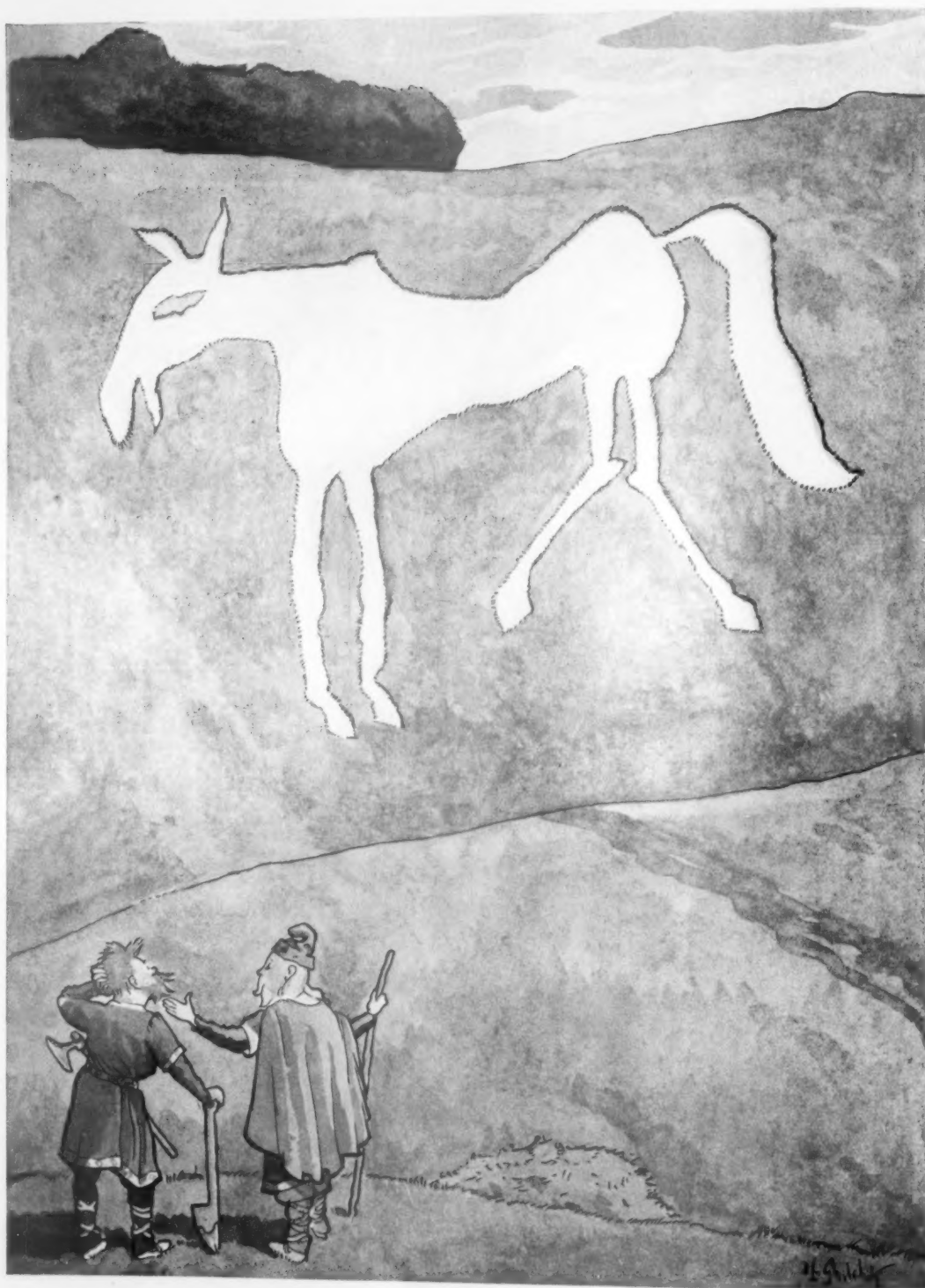
THE PIPES OF PAN.  
A SUMMER IDYLL THROUGH THE AGES.



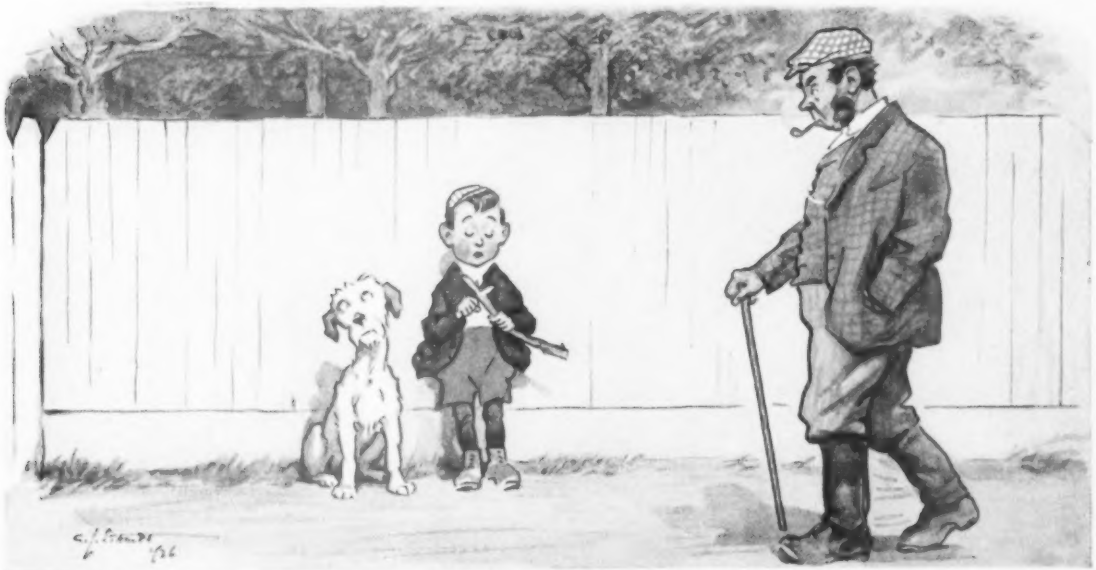
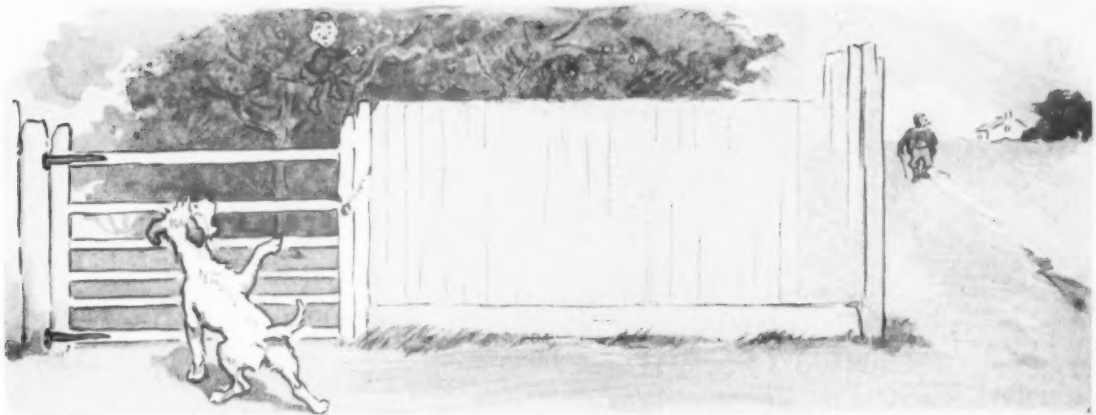
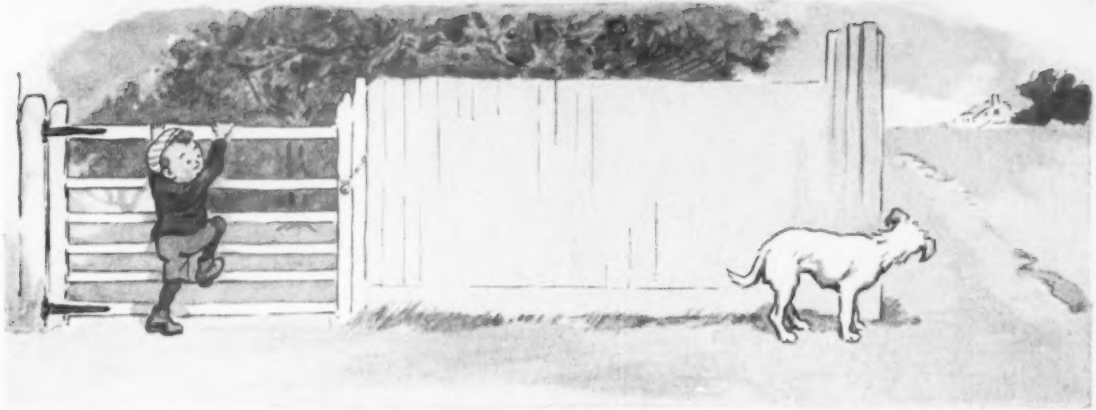
THE PIPES OF PAN.  
A SUMMER IDYLL THROUGH THE AGES



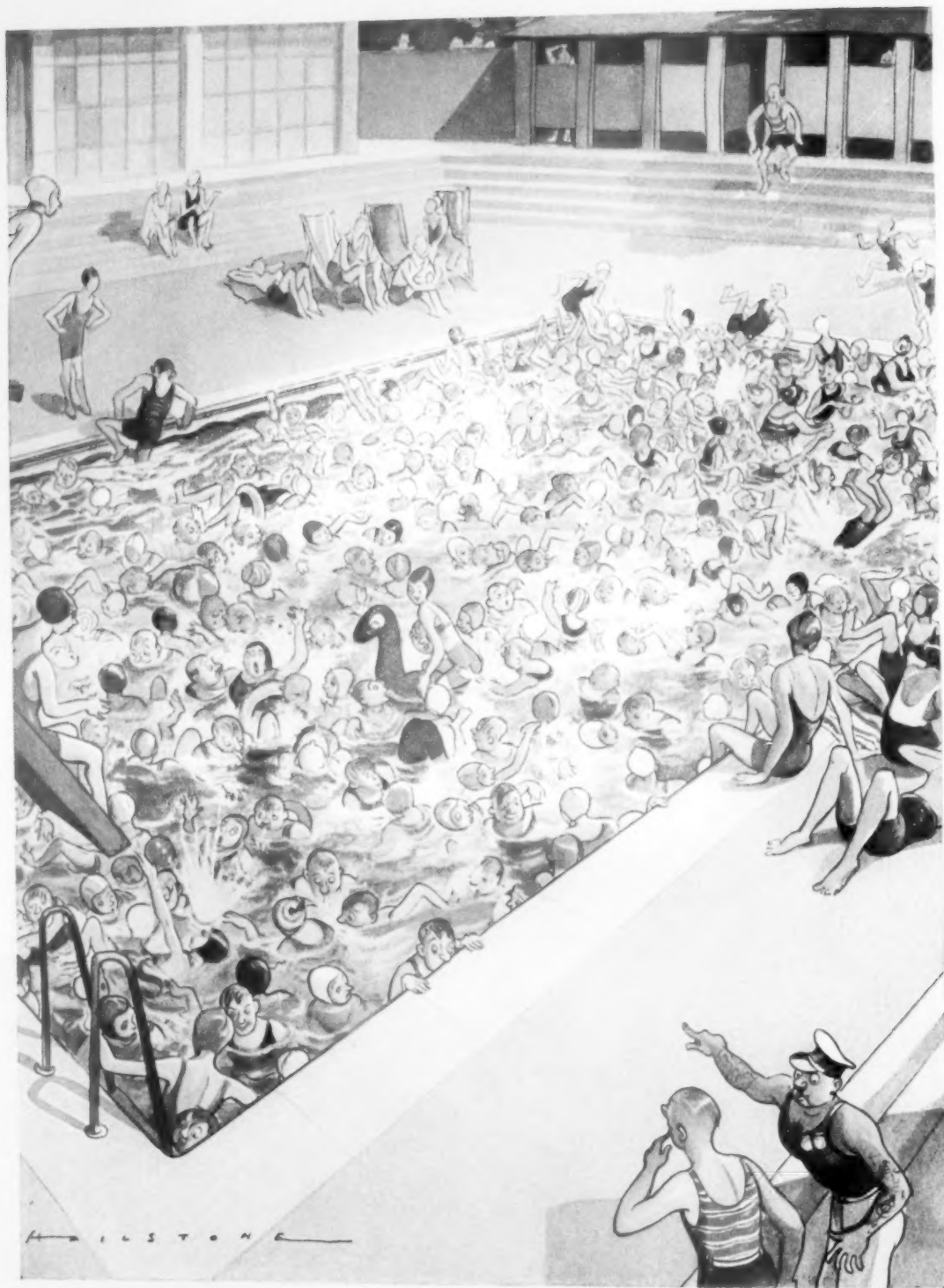




Anglo-Saxon Critic. "IT'S NOT UP TO YOUR USUAL, OLD MAN. IF I WERE YOU I SHOULD REPLACE THE DIVOTS AND START AGAIN."



TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.



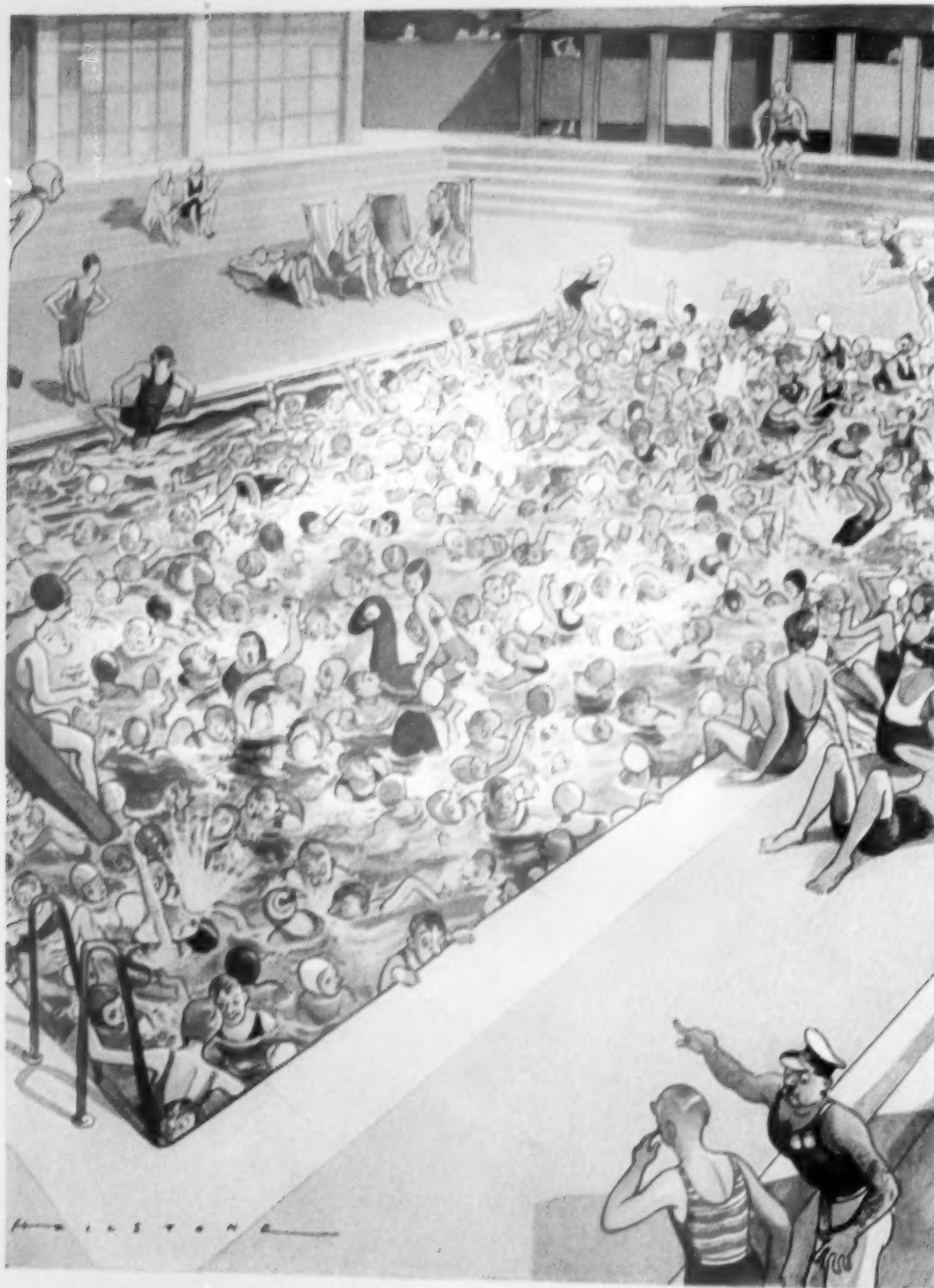
"ROOM OVER THERE FOR ONE, SIR; THERE'S A GENTLEMAN JUST GETTING OUT."

THE SUNDAY PAPER IN OUR VILLAGE.



"YESSIR, IT IS LATE THIS MORNIN'. THERE WAS A BREAKDOWN IN THE TRANSPORT."





"ROOM OVER THERE FOR ONE, SIR, THERE'S A GENTLEMAN JUST GETTING OUT."

May 23, 1936

# Punch Summer Number—1936.

## THE SUNDAY PAPER IN OUR VILLAGE.



"YESSIE, IT IS LATE THIS MORNIN'. THERE WAS A BREAKDOWN IN THE TRANSPORT."

# To-Day's Whether; or, Foiled Again.

A Tale of Hexagonia.

I.

ONE hot summer day in Hexagonia Stanislas Smith, a young Englishman, giving the slip to the official guide who



"THE OFFICIAL GUIDE HERDING THE CONDUCTED PARTY INTO THE DOORWAY."

was herding the remaining members of the conducted party with loud cries of "Hup! Hup!" into the doorway of a museum, wandered off towards the this-means-war district, or diplomatic quarter. The sun beat down and up (for there were puddles on the ground: the rainy season was not over). He paused to mop his brow near the Octagonian Embassy, which was guarded by a number of fearsome-looking soldiers. On the other side of the road was the Hexagonian Foreign Office, where men were busy putting in new panes of glass. Stanislas was told on inquiry that the Octagonian ambassador was in the habit of throwing things—now an artichoke, now a tortoise for which he had no further use—and breaking the windows opposite.

"In ordinary circumstances this would of course mean war," explained the plain-clothes diplomat who was Stanislas's informant, "and Octagonia wants war. We, however, do not at the moment want war; and we therefore take no notice of any tortoise or artichoke. But we shudder to think of Tuesday."

Stanislas, who usually only shuddered to think of Monday, asked why. The diplomat said that on Tuesday there was to be a garden-party in the palace grounds.

"Tuesday," he went on, "is the last day of our official rainy season. No rain has fallen on that day for the last fifty years; the fact remains that should any fall the Octagonian ambassador is bound to take it as a personal affront. Wednesday would be the first day of the dry season, but the palace garden-parties are always held on Tuesday; and the following Tuesday is impossible because of the monthly national air-raid drill."

"And the Tuesday after that?"

"That would be Next Tuesday Week—an undignified

date, reminiscent of mothers-in-law, lodgers, cheese and beer. No, it is next Tuesday or nothing, and if rain falls it will mean war with Octagonia."

"Only Octagonia?" Stanislas said.

The diplomat explained that Octagonia had an inferiority complex. "Everything is taken by Octagonia as a personal affront. It is impossible," he went on sadly, "for us to do anything to insult anyone else; Octagonia always springs up to resent an insult before the country for which it was intended. We are in a difficult position."

"Difficult is one word," Stanislas agreed.

The diplomat looked him up and down and from side to side, and wondered whether he might not be worth cultivating. With this idea in mind he suggested that Stanislas might like to come with him to a diplomatic reception that evening.

"In introducing you I can sneeze," he explained, "and thus with no lies on either side you will be taken to be an attaché. *Attaché!*" he added, burying his face for all too brief a time in a silk handkerchief.

Stanislas gladly accepted the invitation, for the conducted party that night were to be conducted to the local opera house, an experience of which he was not unreasonably wary.

II.

All came about as the diplomat had said; and that night Stanislas might have been seen, and was, standing in one corner of the vast ballroom in the royal palace while his mentor pointed out objects of interest.

"There is a compatriot of yours here," the diplomat observed, after reeling off a number of names. "You see that tall man?"

"The one whose steel-blue eyes seem to bore into one like bradaws!"

"Gimlets," the other corrected. "Yes. The one tanned



"GUARDED BY FEARSOME-LOOKING SOLDIERS."

by tropic suns. The clean-limbed one. Well, that is the celebrated adventurer, Panther Piedish."

Stanislas wondered whether he too had got in on a diplomatic sneeze.

"No, he probably knocked out the guards," his guide explained indifferently, and proceeded: "There in the background are two mysterious figures from the East—Sillias and Sillias Youssef."



"And the man talking to them?"

"Another even more mysterious: practically inexplicable—Botani Bey. And— Ah! I thought she would be coming downstairs. You have heard of the beautiful Princess of Hexagonia?"

"These things get about," said Stanislas.

The diplomat coughed. "I was not thinking of those stories," he said. "Besides, they are untrue, many of them. But there she is."

Stanislas looked. "Where?"

"Don't you see that being of an ethereal, delicate loveliness?"

"No."

"Surely you do. Look there. The slender form. The eyes that gleam like twin stars in a mask of beauty. The goddess-like being behind the man with the beard, there—the charming presence. Surely you see."

"At the buffet, tucking into a banana?"

"That's right."

Stanislas considered the girl for a moment in ecstatic silence. At length he asked whether she was fond of bananas.

"They are her life," said the diplomat simply.

"What, bananas?"

"Truckloads are delivered at the palace weekly."

"And she eats them all?"

"Except the skins."

The girl took another banana, dropping the skin of the first. Stanislas thought he had never seen a more graceful gesture. His eyes flashed.

"What would happen," he said, "if I should aspire to her hand?"



"MYSTERIOUS FIGURES FROM THE EAST."

"You would be thrown into prison."

"Hard?"

"Hard. By minions."

A little damped, Stanislas asked whether there was nothing he could do so as to qualify, as it were. When the diplomat said the only possible thing was for him to be made a Count of Hexagonia, Stanislas felt something within him which he correctly identified as a great determination. Squaring his shoulders, he set off across the floor

towards the Princess. A distant cry of "Hi! Attaché!" he felt justified in ignoring as another manifestation of diplomatic influenza.

Before he reached the Princess she moved away from the buffet towards the stairs with the intention (as was afterwards explained to him) of eating in private the last banana of the night. Disregarding her attendant detective, Stanislas



"STANISLAS CRIED 'FLIGHTS OF ANGELS SING THEE TO THY REST!'"

cried in a voice trembling with devotion: "Flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

The Princess paused by a door at the foot of the stairs and, throwing him an encouraging and provocative glance, said, "How many flights?"

"Oh," said Stanislas, a little checked—"say six."

"She'd rather take the lift," the detective said grimly, elbowing Stanislas aside and throwing open the door, which was indeed that of a small pneumatically-operated hoist.

### III.

As Stanislas watched the slow withdrawal of the royal bananaddict—you know whom I mean—the diplomat came up and told him he had had a narrow escape of being thrown into prison, if not by minions at least by henchmen. Stanislas cut short further objections with the sharp inquiry: "You know that garden-party?"

"Very well," the other said gloomily, "indeed."

"Should I be rewarded," Stanislas inquired, "if I were to keep away rain?"

"Most certainly."

"Should I be made a Count of Hexagonia?"

"At the very least, I should imagine."

"Me boyo," cried Stanislas, who was apt in moments of emotion to drop with a resounding splash into a language he—and not he alone, begorrah!—understood to be Oirish, "I'll do it!"

The diplomat asked dubiously how the feat was to be performed, and Stanislas began the story of his life. Upon this the diplomat became still more dubious, until Stanislas opened a powerful chapter thus:—

"Some time ago I found I was able to control the weather, within limits, by will-power. I do this very seldom, because

the effort is, bedad! prodigious; but with the thought of this reward—

"One moment," the diplomat said. "Do I understand that you can by will-power alone stop the falling of, e.g., rain?"

"E.g.," Stanislas nodded, without a tremor. What, after all, could he lose? He was betting on the chance



"THE LITHE FIGURE STRODE OVER FROM THE BUFFET."

that there would be no rain anyway. If there was any he would merely be thrown into prison by minions, henchmen, or, at a pinch (I said pinch), satellites. If there was none—

"Over how large an area?" asked the diplomat busily.

"Oh, about a football-pitch, say."

"Ah, but we don't play football in Hexagonia."

"What do you play?"

"Polo. And of course chess."

Stanislas said he thought his effective area lay somewhere between the two. The other seemed satisfied. "I will accept your offer provisionally," he said. "We will consult with the Lord Chamberlain to-morrow about terms. Meanwhile— We must keep our intentions secret or your life would be in danger from Octagonian spies, who will undoubtedly do their best to precipitate a war." He frowned. "As it is, you had better have a bodyguard, Panther!"

The lithe figure of Panther Piedish strode over from the buffet, leaving a track of devastation across the crowded floor.

"You have no adventure on hand, Panther, I think?"

"Right," Piedish boomed. "Things are tame." He inflated his chest. There was a sharp crack and tinkle as one of his diamond studs broke and hit a passing Countess's tiara. His blue eyes, like gimlets— His gimlet-blue eyes bored— Blue, boring, his gimlet— Ah, the hell with it. He could see, that's what I mean.

Rapidly the diplomat explained the circumstances. Piedish's eyes smouldered like smouldering gimlets at the mention of Octagonian spies.

"This place is thick with spies," he declared, stiffening his nose grimly. "Ten to one that man is a spy," he added,

felling to the floor a waiter picked at random. As the man rose and removed some stuffed olives from his hair with an evil look, Piedish went on, "There! What did I say? These fellows have a wicked temper."

By Stanislas's alleged gift of weather-control, however, he did not seem to be very much impressed. "Ah," he said. "Nice in the cricket season. M.C.C. retain you, I suppose?"

"I do not use my gift commercially," Stanislas said.

"No? But this time—ah, you're stuck on the girl. Um. Yes, undoubtedly a stunner. I myself, if only she'd reconsider the banana situation— Ah, well. Bananas leave me cold. Slippery, un-English. Give me some man's fruit, far-flung, like the water-melon. Have you heard the joke about the water-melon—?"

"Often," the diplomat interjected hastily.

"Really? Excuse me one moment," added Piedish, reaching down into his tail-pocket and lifting out an enormous six-chambered revolver. "Ah, yes, I shall be needing this on Tuesday, I dare say. I thought I felt the rats at it. I used to have a snub-nosed automatic that stuttered and barked—almost human. This one just spits fire and death—ill-mannered but effective." His eyes flashed like gimlets.

#### IV.

The interview with the Lord Chamberlain, which took place in secret while Panther Piedish stood outside the door playing a tin-whistle to disarm suspicion (this proved as successful as most measures of disarmament), was satisfactory. It was agreed that Stanislas, should there be no rain on the day of the garden-party, was to be made a Count of Hexagonia.

Temporarily extricated from the conducted tour, he now



"A GAY SOCIETY SCRUM PUSHED BY, YELLING."

saw the Princess almost daily, and would often ask Piedish to bellow some compliment for him from the distance at which he had to keep.

With the attempts to kidnap Stanislas that were made before the great day, which dawned bright and warm, we are not concerned. With the great day, which dawned bright and warm, we are. It dawned—I address such of you as know anything about the dawn—warm and bright.

Stanislas was installed in the very centre of the garden-party area. From time to time a gay Society scrum pushed by, yelling, and was thrust back by a phalanx of the still more socially eminent bellowing nothings polite and otherwise. Rumours of what Stanislas was doing and why had got round to the Princess, who from time to time would trail her detective past and flash Stanislas and Piedish—who was giving his celebrated imitation of the hosts of Midian—a look of admiration. In her absence Stanislas would pass the weary hours by heaping on her quantities of encomia.

But his position was not easy. Foiled in their attempts to dispose of him personally, the emissaries of Octagonia had turned their elaborate attentions to the weather, direct. Towards the end of the afternoon a darkish cloud considerably bigger than a man's hand appeared above the distant minarets of the Dustmen's Glee Club and began to approach with suspicious speed. As Panther Piedish watched it his eyes narrowed until they resembled exceedingly narrow gimlets.

"This is Octagonian work," he grated. "They have a couple of autogiros up there fanning the cloud in this direction. Sharpshooters are hidden about the grounds, and when the cloud is above us they will fire at it."

"Can you do nothing?" Stanislas said.

"I knock people down now and again," said Piedish gloomily, "on the off-chance. But it's a crude method, bad for the grass. We must hope for the best."

The cloud billowed inexorably on as he moved away. In the middle of the lawn stood the Octagonian ambassador, arms folded, staring at it grimly. The diplomat who had introduced Stanislas came up and said, "No one dare say anything to him for fear he should take it as a personal affront. He is taking their silence as a personal affront. . . . They say he bought another new pack of declaration-of-war forms at a stationer's on the way here; but he won't declare

but he refuses to pick them up, and she will toss them about so."

Not far away Panther Piedish could be seen knocking down a gardener; this was a lucky shot, for a rifle of Octagonian design fell out of the man's coat and he was arrested immediately. All over the grounds all day, however, people had been felled—Piedish was a stout feller—with comparatively little excuse. They were told they



"STANISLAS IS BEING HUSTLED ON BOARD THE TRAIN."

had suffered in the cause of Peace and given a set of fish-servers or a plated toast-rack.

Some minutes later the crisis came. The cloud was directly above the lawn—indeed, directly above the Octagonian ambassador. Piedish was talking to the Princess. Stanislas looked fearfully round for the remaining sharpshooters, for he had seen the Octagonian ambassador, who would hardly have done it with any flirtatious motive, wink. Would that be the signal?

It would! There was one sharpshooter taking aim; there, by Heaven, was another! Nothing could stop them, they were too far away. Piedish's well-trained revolver leapt into his hand, but it was too late. Two shots rang out. But each man staggered. . . .

No rain fell; the cloud went on. Neither of the sharpshooters had hit it. If you ask me why (and you do, or I'm the writer of this week's exquisite novel), I can merely refer you to the inscrutability of the workings of fate and the length of the arm of coincidence—two ideas to which you should, merciful reviewers! be accustomed at your age. Each of the sharpshooters at the crucial moment had slipped on a banana-skin.

V.

It is the Princess's wedding-day. Here is Stanislas. Here is the gay throng. But who is the tall figure in the top-hat? Can it be Panther Piedish? Of course it can. But is it? No. He wouldn't be seen dead in a top-hat. I don't know who it is any more than you do. For, although Stanislas is (as I said) here, Panther Piedish is far away, being married to the Princess; he too was made a Count of Hexagonia for his activities on the day of the garden-party, and anyway he invariably collects the girl at the end of his adventures. They have compromised about bananas.

As for Stanislas, he is being hustled on board the train with the conducted tour. They always get their man. R. M.



"THE CLOUD WAS DIRECTLY ABOVE THE AMBASSADOR."

on less than a rain-storm." He gazed upward. "You feel confident of being able to hold off rain from that cloud?"

"Absolutely," Stanislas said.

The two Octagonian autogiros were now plainly visible chasing the cloud. Staring absently at them the diplomat said, "One trouble with a function of this kind is that the Princess's banana-skins are dropped all over the place. That detective of hers could save us a lot of trouble,



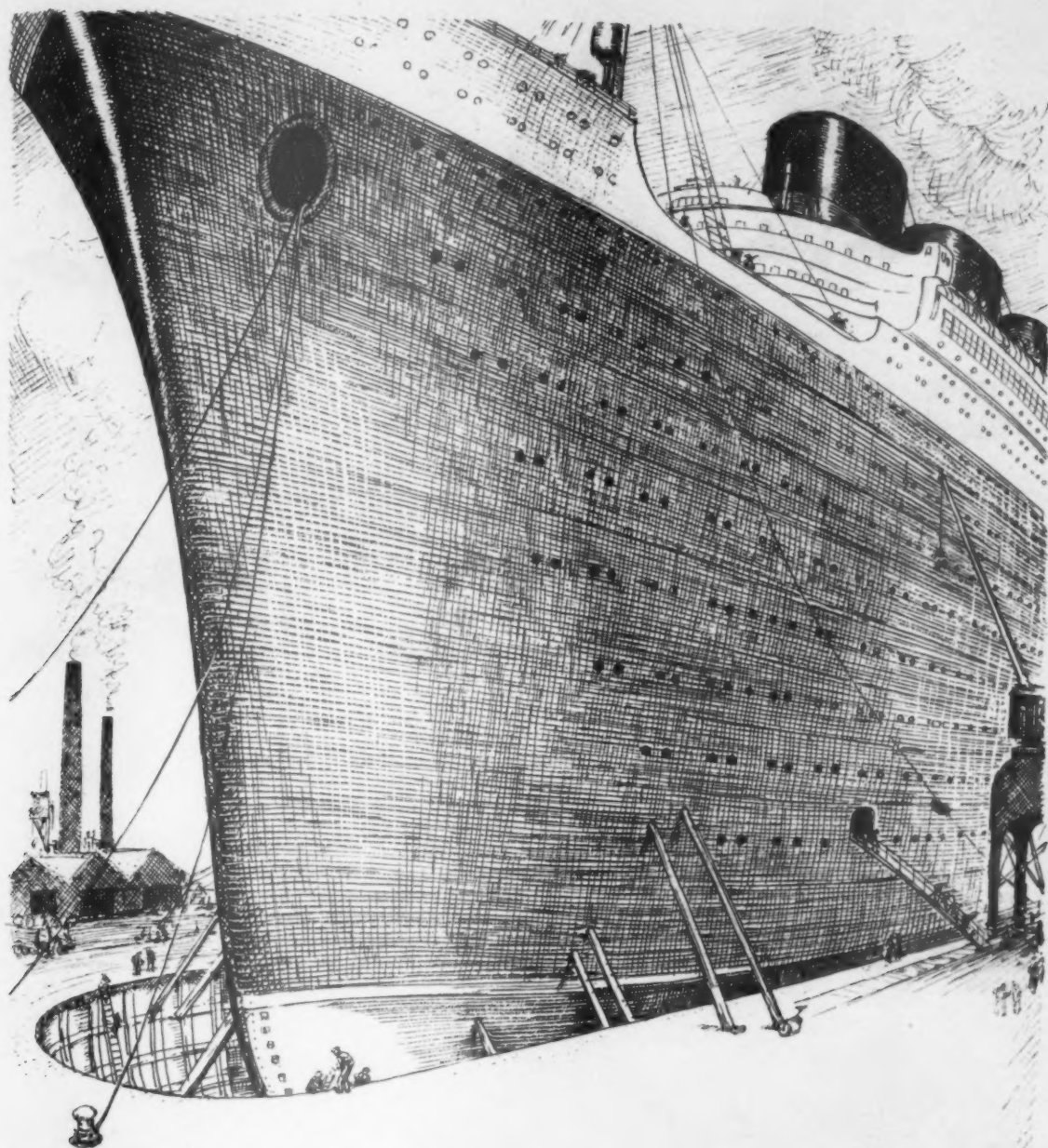


JOY-RIDE.



May 25, 1936

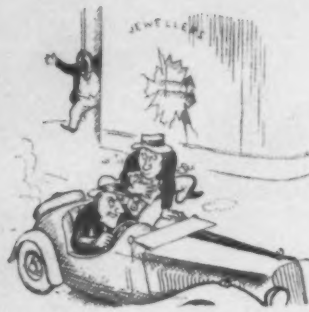
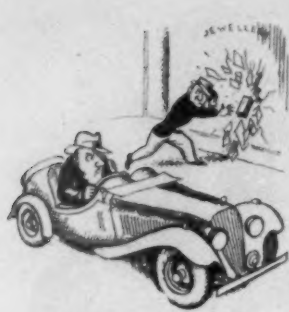
# Punch Summer Number—1936.



WILSON



"WELL, MR. ENTWHISTLE, I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO LET HER GO AT THAT."



WILLIE'S GOOD DEED.



## The Story of Frozen James.

*What a charming boy was James!  
Good at lessons, good at games,  
Courteous to aunts and others,  
Patient with his younger brothers . . .  
Yet this almost perfect lad  
One muboly passion had:  
He would think and talk and dream  
All day long about ice-cream.*

*In the middle of the morning  
First would come the tinkled warning;  
Out he'd rush and gobble up  
"Block" and "cornet," "brick" and "cup."  
Then between his lunch and tea  
He'd dispose of two or three,  
And before the day was done  
Cram in yet another one.  
Foolish child! This chilly diet  
Caused his parents much disquiet.  
"James," they said with bated breath,  
"Mark our words—you'll freeze to death."*

*Parents' warnings (some have found)  
Aren't so silly as they sound.  
James, ignoring their advice,  
One fine day was turned to ice.  
What a lamentable plight!  
Half was pink and half was white,  
While, where fingers should have been,  
Icicles were plainly seen.  
"Will the wretched boy expire?  
Quickly—we must light a fire!  
Henry, fetch some sticks and straw!"  
Just in time his parents saw  
James at last begin to thaw.*

*Now once more he's safe and warm,  
Quite restored to human form;  
But somehow he doesn't seem  
Half so partial to ice-cream.*

JAN





I'M VERY SORRY, BUT WE DON'T  
SUPPLY HOT WATER FOR PICNICS.



SORRY, BUT WE DON'T SUPPLY  
HOT WATER.



NO, WE DON'T SUPPLY IT.



NO, NO HOT WATER



NO, WE NEVER DO.



I'M AFRAID NOT.



NO, WE DON'T.



NO.



IN ENGLAND NOW.

Jungwieser



WE COULD KILL PEOPLE WHO COME DOWN TO THE COTTAGE AND SAY—



"WHAT A MARVELLOUS POSITION! IT MUST BE GRAND—



ON A FINE DAY."

THE EXAMINATION QUESTIONS FOR OUR WELL EDUCATED YOUNG POLICEMEN ARE NOT ALL EASY—EVEN TO THEM.



WHAT EFFECT, IF ANY, HAD THE DOMERDAY BOOK UPON THE DOINGS OF THE SYNOD OF WHITBY?



TRACE THE CAUSES OF THE FLACC OF EXECUTION BEING MOVED FROM TYBURN TO ODD SPOTS.



WHAT ARE THE ESSENTIAL CONSTITUENTS OF A NORMAL DIET? BRIEFLY DESCRIBE THE FUNCTION OF EACH CONSTITUENT, LEAVING OUT STEAK AND ONIONS.



DESCRIBE IN DETAIL HOW YOU WOULD PROCEED BY THE USE OF SIMPLE APPARATUS TO FIND THE DENSITY OF THE HOT AIR IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



EXAMINE THE TRUTH OF THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT: "IN THE VELL CLUTCH OF CIRCUMSTANCE I HAVE NOT WINCED NOR CRIED ALOUD, UNDER THE BLUDGEONINGS OF CHANCE MY HEAD IS BLOODY BUT UNBOWED."



BY MEANS OF SUITABLE DRAWINGS SHOW HOW AN UMBRELLA CAN BE MADE TO PROPEL A SHIP'S DINGHY.



WHO AFFECTED THE PERMANENT DESTINIES OF CHINA MORE DECISIVELY, LAO-TSE OR CHU CHIN CHOW?



STATE WHAT INFLUENCE ON CRIME BILL SIKES WOULD HAVE HAD IF HE HAD BEEN A SENIOR WRANGLER.



CHAS. CRAVE.



"THERE CERTAINLY IS A RESEMBLANCE, BUT I THINK I AM RIGHT IN SAYING GRACE WAS SOMEWHAT TALLER."

### The Sad Song of Utopia.

IN Utopia, Perfect Place,  
Everything's exactly right;  
No one's virtuous or base,  
There is neither Day nor Night.  
But where everything is right  
Nothing's left for which to fight.  
*It's beautiful, we own, but boring.*  
No one's wept for quite a while.  
What is more, we do not smile;  
We could have no cause for chaff,  
For the things at which you laugh  
Are the things that other people are deploring;  
So in less enlightened lands the happy population  
grins  
At the elderly pedestrians who tumble on their chins;  
But that couldn't happen here, for we have no banana-  
skins.  
*It's beautiful—but boring.*

We have neither rich nor poor,  
Neither tempest, cold nor rain;  
At an even temperature  
Every season we remain.  
Most of us by now forget  
How it felt to have a sweat:  
*It's beautiful, we own, but boring.*  
We have lost the pleasant itch  
To be even with the rich;

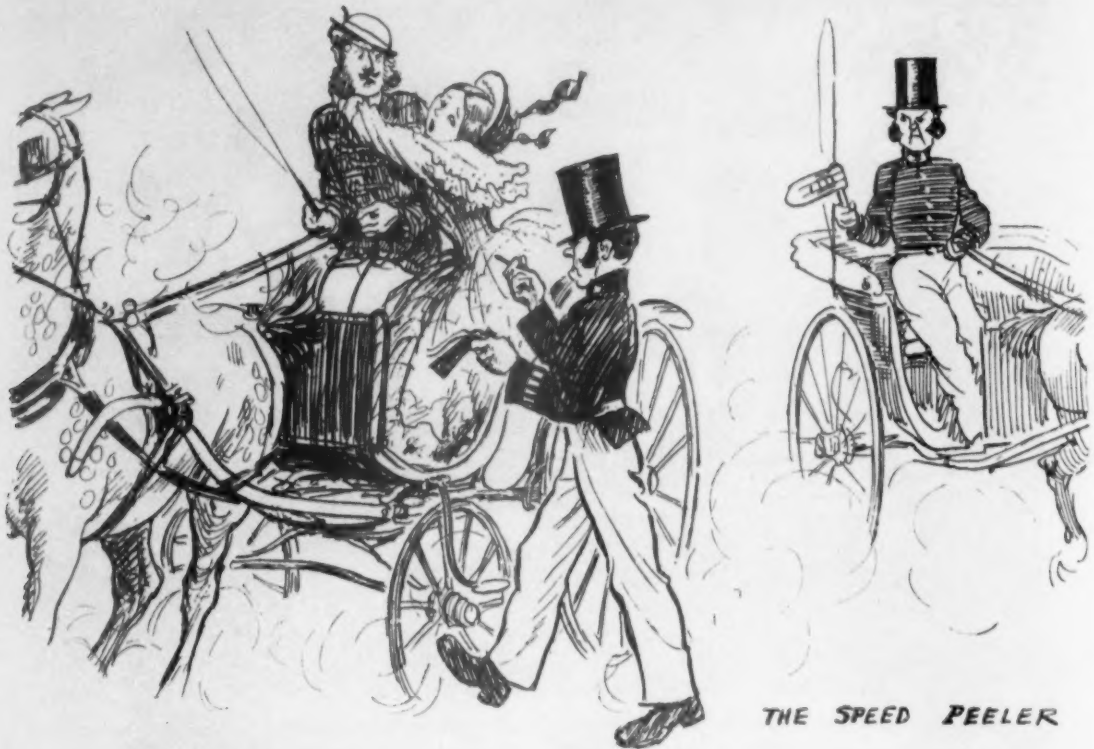
Free of passions, free of crimes,  
Life is rather like *The Times*,  
We've eliminated Sex and Sin and Snoring;  
And when anybody dies—it seldom happens, I may say—  
We increase the population in a scientific way  
By putting capsules in a cylinder and pressing Button  
A—

*It's beautiful—but boring.*

Nothing happens that is new,  
Nothing happens that is wrong;  
So we've nothing left to do  
And the days are rather long.  
Nothing happens that is bad,  
So no scandal's to be had;  
*It's beautiful, we own, but boring.*  
Flesh is wholly in control,  
One is just a lump of soul,  
In an Art-and-Craft chemise,  
Playing harps in minor keys,  
And no avenue remains that's worth exploring.  
Since we've sublimated Love, it doesn't matter what  
we wear;  
No bishop here complains that girls are dangerously  
bare;  
They could go about with nothing on and nobody would  
care—  
*It's beautiful—but boring.*

A. P. H.





THE SPEED PEELER

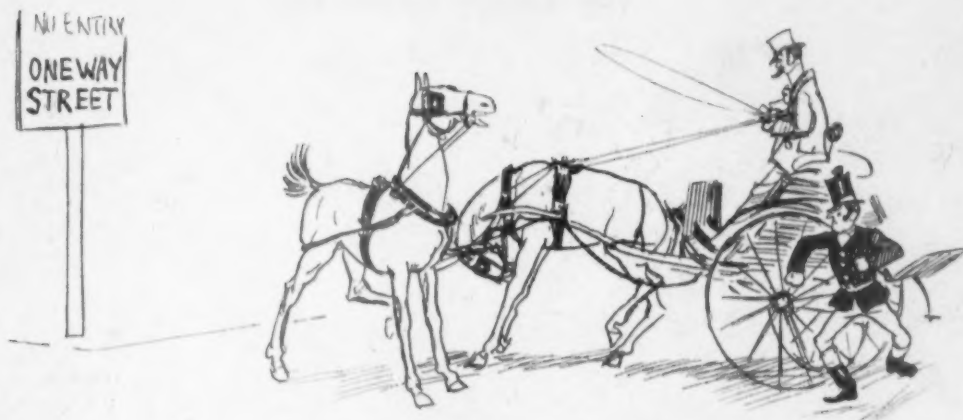


THE SAFETY  
OR FAMILY, CROSSING

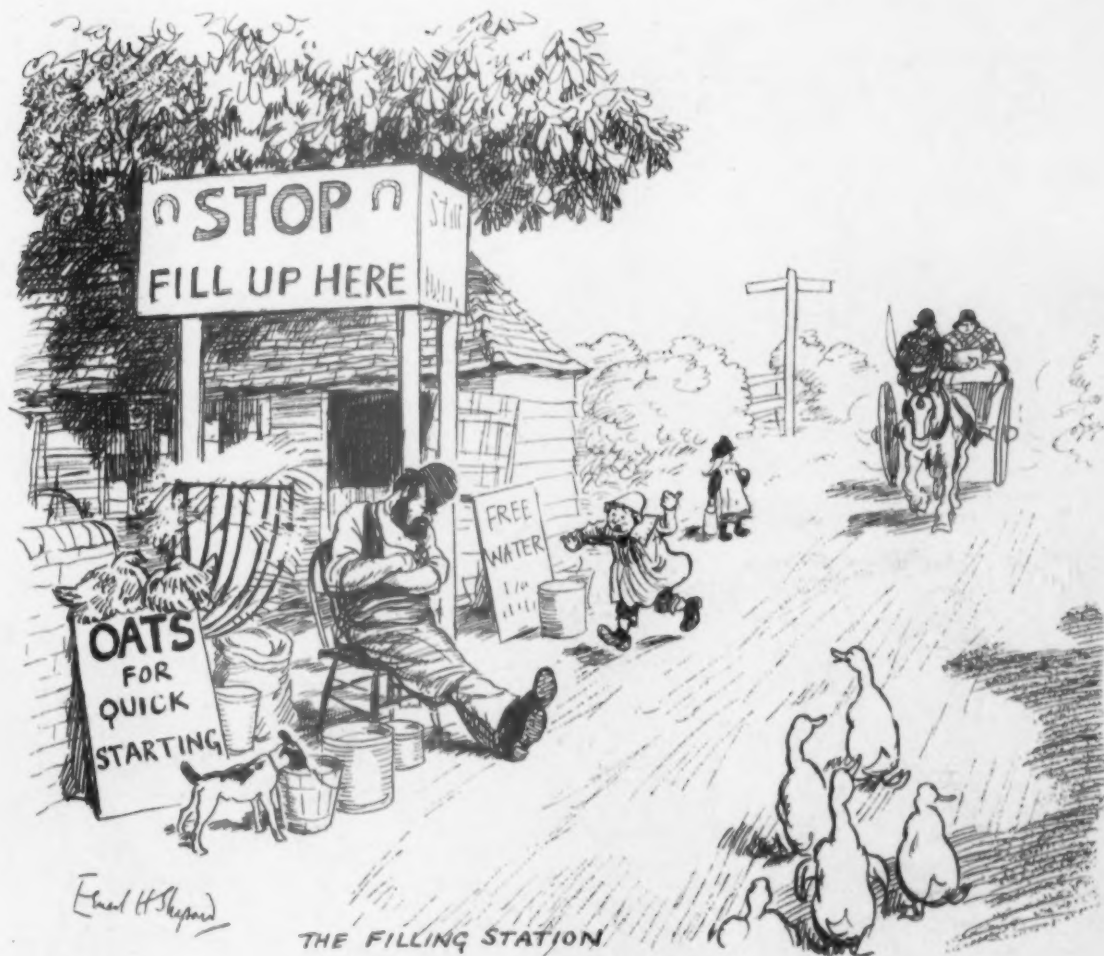
Ernest H. Shepard

AMENITIES DENIED OUR FOREFATHERS.





THE TRAFFIC SIGN



THE FILLING STATION

AMENITIES DENIED OUR FOREFATHERS.

THE WOOLLY RHINOCEROS.



THERE ONCE WAS A MAN CALLED UG—



WHO WAS A SKILFUL HUNTER—



AND ONE DAY HE SAVED A GIRL CALLED HI  
FROM A SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER.



SO HE MARRIED HER—



AND TOOK HER TO HIS NICE NEW CAVE—



AND SETTLED DOWN TO DOMESTIC LIFE.

THE WOOLLY RHINOCEROS.



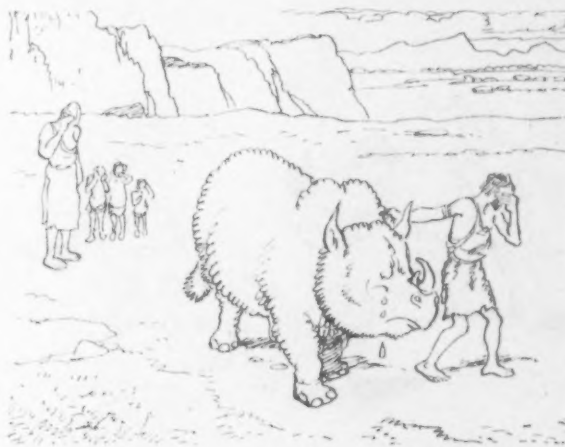
ONE DAY HE CAPTURED A LITTLE WOOLLY RHINOCEROS AND BROUGHT IT TO THE CHILDREN.



IT BECAME A GREAT PET—



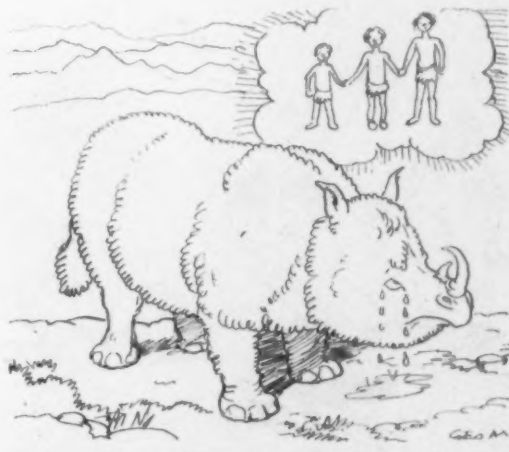
BUT UNHAPPILY WOOLLY GREW SO BIG THAT UG WAS UNABLE TO KEEP HIM—



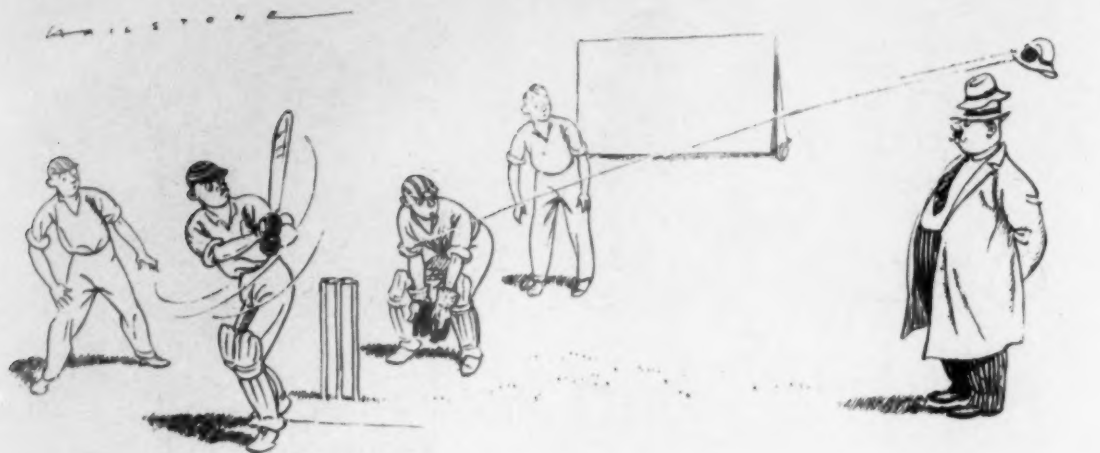
SO TO THE GRIEF OF THE WHOLE FAMILY—



POOR WOOLLY WAS DRIVEN AWAY—



AND LIVED UNHAPPILY EVER AFTER.

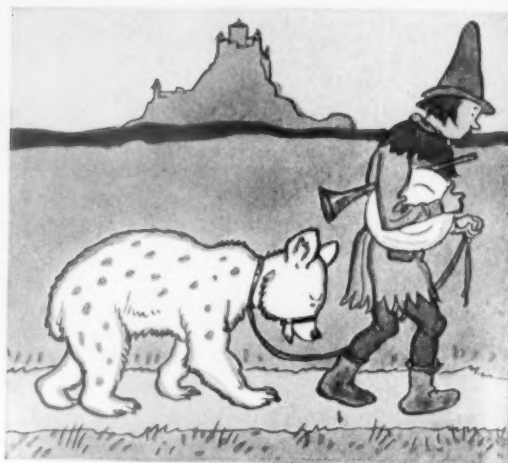


BRITISH PHLEGM.





THE SMITHS AND THE JONESES ARE NOT ON SPEAKING TERMS.



THE LITTLE BEAR HAS A BIG IDEA.



Bait.

"SOME people are driving over to look at the house this afternoon," said Edith at lunch, "and as I shall be out, you will have to act as cicerone."

The idea of letting the house furnished while we were away in August had been Edith's, and I had opposed it unsuccessfully from the first. So I was rather glad of the opportunity of showing the house to these unpleasant strangers. I knew they would be unpleasant, because people who come to look over your house are always unpleasant.

I prepared for them carefully, pouring water over the bathroom floor to make it look as though there were a leak, and making my study even untidier than usual. The man was tall and thin, with rimless spectacles, and the woman was short and fat, with a horrible winning smile and an arch look.

"What a very pretty front-garden," said the lady as I opened the door.

"I'm afraid the flowers will be a bit off in August," I said. I led them inside, and showed them the dining-room.

"It's poky," I said, "and a long way from the kitchen."

"Splendid!" said the lady. "I like a cosy little dining-

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room, and servants are so noisy nowadays that it's nice to be a long way from the kitchen."

I took them into the drawing-room, and apologised for the fact that one leg of each armchair was a bit shaky. As a matter of fact I had unscrewed them a bit on purpose.

"George will enjoy mending the furniture," said the lady; "he is so clever with his hands."

I opened the window, so that they could hear the children next-door making a noise in the garden.

"They are at it all day," I said—"never stop singing from morning till night."

"How sweet!" said the lady. "I adore children, and I'm sure we'll soon be great friends. We must call on their parents as soon as we move in . . . we want to make friends, even if we are going to be here for only a month. Is there much local society?"

"Too much," I said, "but the quality is not up to the quantity. There's Entwistle, for instance, who is one of the biggest bores unhung. Calls round at all hours of the day and discusses psychology . . ."

The lady looked at her husband and laughed.

"How very fortunate!" she said. "My husband has written several books on psychology. It will be such a treat for him to meet Mr. Entwistle."

I was beginning to feel that the whole thing was pretty hopeless, but I took them up to the bathroom and told them about the leak, and that the geyser didn't work.

"George will soon put that right," said the lady brightly; "he is one of the finest amateur plumbers in the country."

I dallied with the idea of telling them that the drains were unsatisfactory in hot weather, but probably George would have come out with some theory that the odour of bad drains was good for the complexion, so I let it pass. Luckily Edith came in at that moment, and she was delighted to find how much they liked everything.

"I wonder whether my husband pointed out how near we are to the station?" she said, thinking this would clinch the matter.

Their faces fell, and they told us that after all they couldn't take the house.

"How unfortunate!" said the lady. "The sound of a whistle reduces George to a nervous wreck! What a pity, for your husband had made us simply fall in love with the place!"

## Charivaria.

"A FLAT roof is an ideal place for sun-bathing," says a writer. Provided of course that the flat is unoccupied.

★ ★ ★

"After sea-bathing on a cool day," advises a doctor, "see that you have something handy to slip on." We have always liked this joke, and, except after sea-bathing, probably always shall.

★ ★ ★

It is pointed out that fashionable race-meetings are attended by many people who, like Doctor JOHNSON, don't know a hock from a pastern. But they may know a hock from a moselle.

★ ★ ★

Some astronomers declare that the sun shows indications of a possible flare-up capable of destroying all life on the earth within a few hours. In several European Chancelleries they are wondering where on earth it got the idea from.

★ ★ ★

"One day the much maligned woman-driver will unexpectedly turn," writes a motoring correspondent to a daily paper. Thus doing what all other drivers are always expecting her to do.

★ ★ ★

Micro-photographs of the brains of intellectuals are preserved in the Moscow Brain Institute. Short of putting the word "micro-photographs" into italics, this sentence could hardly be improved on.

★ ★ ★

In a lecture to husbands a speaker said, "Stay at home in the evenings and hold your wife's hand." This certainly cures the strumming on the piano, but it leaves the major problem of the wireless practically untouched.

★ ★ ★

A correspondent says he found hunting in America a little strange after English meets. It was the New Yoick that puzzled him.

★ ★ ★

The more intensive cultivation by Italy of the castor-oil plant, which is reported, is regarded as an indication of fears of discontent with Fascism.

★ ★ ★

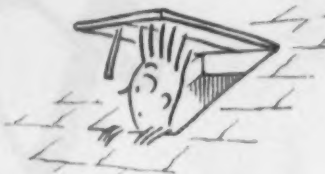
"Some inns are given very puzzling names," remarks a traveller. Who could have been the "Jolly Farmer"?

★ ★ ★

"The cave-man did not know what real love was," states a psychologist. Well, he had a very rough idea.

★ ★ ★

A new contrivance for playing realistic golf indoors is said to do everything but talk. The player does that.



"I can't see anything in a straw boater," says a writer on men's fashions. The remedy is to push it further back.

★ ★ ★

An author states that his favourite hobby is pig-breeding. We want to ask him if he finds it easy to live by his pen.

★ ★ ★

"The painters of old would simply laugh at the modern school of Surrealists," says an essayist. The Old Masters would probably call them the Young Messrs.

★ ★ ★

A golfer returning from the links found that his home was on fire. In fact that is what reminded him that he had one.

★ ★ ★

Young cricketers, we are told, are knocking at the door. Their ball has gone down the area again, we suppose.

★ ★ ★

An American gentleman is engaged in cataloguing the world's angling records. Everywhere he goes he is being welcomed with open arms.

★ ★ ★

A waiter has admitted making a steady income by betting. Presumably when he gets a tip from somebody he waits till he gets a tip from somebody and then puts the tip from somebody on the tip from somebody—and then waits.

★ ★ ★

"The owner of a slim waist usually has a gentle disposition," says a dress expert. Has the good lady never met a wasp?

★ ★ ★

"Wasn't it Mr. BERNARD SHAW who said that all clever men have bad memories?" queries a gossip-writer. We don't remember.

★ ★ ★

The R.A.F. pilot who recently landed on the foredeck of the *Normandie* must, we presume, have overlooked the notice, "*Défense de cracher.*"

★ ★ ★

"Must vegetable marrows be grown under glass or out of doors?" asks a reader. Yes—must they?

★ ★ ★

The drapers of a Northern city are forming a golf club. It is untrue, however, that they will shout "Three-eleven-three!" instead of "Fore!"

★ ★ ★

A tourist states that, although he would very much like to travel through Germany, he is afraid that their food would upset him. He fears the *wurst*.







## ATALANTA IN BLOOMSBURY.

"NOBODY CAN SAY I DON'T TRY TO KEEP THE OLD CITY WELL UP IN THE INTELLECTUAL FIELD."

[London University is celebrating its centenary this week.]



"MY WIFE WILL BE PLEASED WITH THESE FISH."

### Gin : A Tribute.

I MUST say I was astonished not to see in *The Times* any memoir of my lamented friend Andrew Mulligatawny (Gin) Fizz. I hoped to see there some of the concrete facts of his history which he so successfully kept hidden while he lived. All I know of him I know only from personal experience, or what he was accustomed to describe in a loud bawling voice as look-hearsay. Nevertheless, I offer the following notes for a good deal more, I hope, than they are worth.

When I first met him I had just been told that he lived in Brighton, and after greetings my first words were: "Whereabouts do you live in Brighton?"

"Well," he said, "you know Limpopo Road?" To save time, I said I did, and he went on: "Well, you know that little bit of it towards the end of Bingey Gardens, where the pavement is chipped?"

"Yes."

"There are three houses there facing the sea, and the middle one is divided into flats."

"Yes?"

"The top flat has green curtains with a peculiar design rather like sections of a loose-leaf ledger."

"Yes? You live there?"

"No," he said, "I live in Putney." Then he walked away with characteristic charm. He used to say this to everybody, and as a result quite a number of people got the impression that he lived in Brighton.

As a matter of fact he didn't live in Putney either. I don't know where he lived, though I once found him asleep under a small water-cart.

Andrew (or Gin, as he was always called) did very little writing himself, but he held emphatic views about the productions of others. He always carried in his pocket a large pack of gummed slips bearing the red-printed words:

OH YEAH?

with which he was accustomed to decorate the publishers' advertisements in the Sunday papers. Again, it was never wise to remark with approval in his presence upon some novelist's "enormous canvas." His comment would invariably be, "He'd better have made a tent of it."

Of politics, broadly speaking, he was not in favour. He only once went to the House of Commons, on a small tricycle covered with luminous paint which burst into flames where he had left it outside. In the Strangers' Gallery also he distinguished himself just after a question had been put to a revered Cabinet Minister, by calling out through a hastily-assembled folding megaphone the warning: "Quiet, please! Mr. — is trying not to think!"

Where this tricycle came from I am not sure, for he had an inordinate fondness for riding on the backs of cabs, and seldom travelled in any other way. He used to say it expressed his individuality, and he grew adept at borrowing money for the fine which he so often had to pay when he was arrested. His friends grew adept at lending it. He generally wore a coat which a girl friend had made him from

a piece of red carpet smuggled away from a wedding, and this made him rather more conspicuous than most people would be on the back of a taxi.

His main interest in life, apart from the questions he used to ask people, was geometry. He knew very little about it, but he used to say that it was the only possible pursuit for a man who could sharpen pencils as well as he could. He used to carry about a gross of pencils of one kind and another; they rattled in his pockets like a xylophone, and fell out in a shower whenever he bent down to make faces at dogs. It was his ambition to become known as a great geometrist, and to this end he invented what he called the Fizz Pipe-Shaped Pentagon, which looked more or less like this:



That is the nearest I can get to it, for he never explained precisely how it was to be drawn and I only once saw even him draw it, on a restaurant table-cloth with a burnt match. It was his conviction that he would one day discover how to get a record number of right-angles into this figure.

An off-shoot of his interest in geometry was his persistent and intrepid exploration of the uncharted regions of arithmetic. To the last he contended that between one hundred-and-ninety-seven-million and one-hundred-and-ninety-eight-million he had discovered two consecutive odd numbers. "All right," he would say to sceptics, "you count up there and see." But I never heard of anyone who did.

Like so many people with a taste for mathematics, Gin was very musical; but in obedience to some theory of

his own he never whistled or sang anything but bugle-calls, into which he put a depth of feeling and expression beyond the grasp, or gasp, of even the most bilious trumpeter.

I have left very little room to do more than touch on the habit he had, which I have mentioned above, of asking people questions. He would say to some new acquaintance: "When you have finished soaping your hands, which way do you throw the soap—left or right?" or "What sort of a noise do you make when you see someone in danger of being run over?—is it a wyup, or more of a ywip?" He would then usually beckon some messenger-boy whom he would tell to listen to the answer, and bowl merrily away on the back of a cab.

In the last months of his life he became misanthropical and always tore up his cigarette-cards before throwing them away. But it is sad to think that we shall never again hear that full-throated rasping sneeze of his, interrupting DEBUSSY's *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune* at the Queen's Hall. Or is it?

### The Power of the Poster.

It said, "DON'T GO HOME WITHOUT THE 'JOLLY MAG.'"

And I felt that I *must* obey.

It said, "DON'T GO HOME ON THURSDAY WITHOUT THE 'JOLLY MAG.'"

And it *was* Thursday that very day.

So I said, "I *won't* go home without the 'Jolly Mag.'"

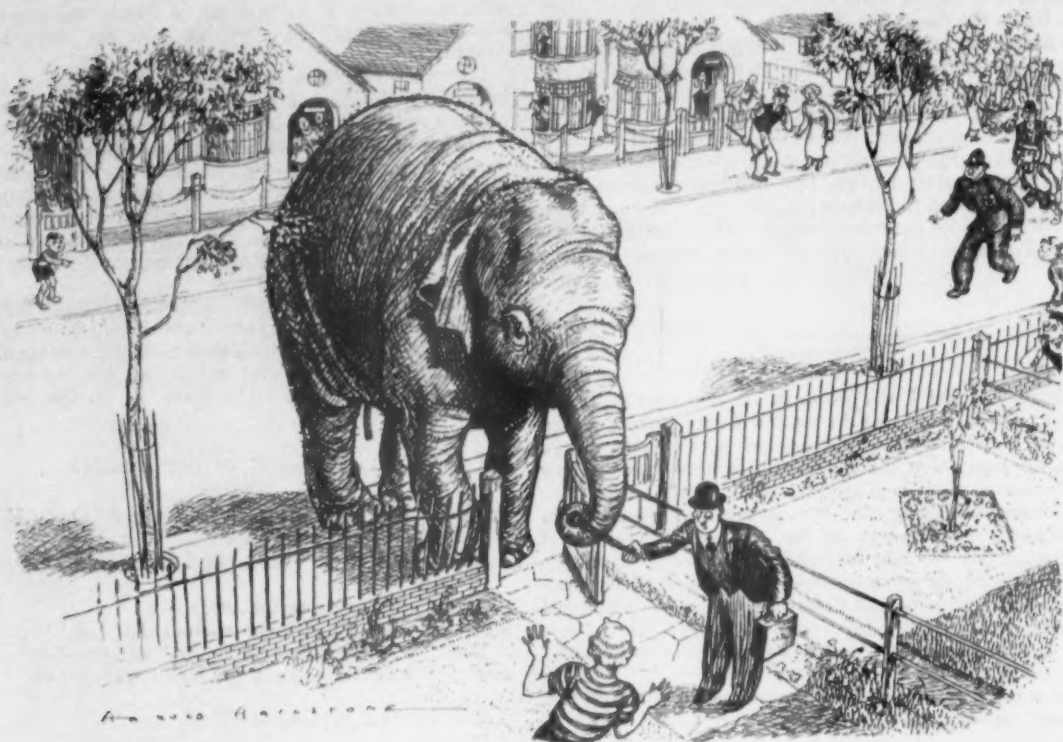
But they answered me "Sold out" at *every* stall, And I'd *said* I wouldn't go home without the "Jolly Mag."

So I couldn't go home *at all*.



"NEVER MISSES A MATCH, OLD NOBBY DON'T. I'LL BET HE'S DREAMIN' ABOUT CRICKET NOW."





"BUT HE'S ONLY A BABY, DEAR. AND HE SEEMED TO BE LOST BEHIND THE GAS-WORKS, SO WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?"

### The Linguist.

I SUPPOSE it's not surprising that Babcock speaks fluent Arabic, because he's been out in Egypt for three years. Shortly after my arrival, and fired by his example, I purchased not one, mind you, but four books for beginners. The man in the book-store assured me that within three months I would be able to make myself perfectly understood—even to the extent of having a try at "I don't like this material because it won't wear well. Haven't you something better?"

Well, after two-and-a-half months, about a fortnight ago, I felt quite prepared and champing at the bit—is that what one says?—to set out on my own. Until then, you understand, all practising had been confined to my room. I suppose my intention was to enter the field at last already well in the lead. Anyway, one morning when Babcock and I were crossing a field we were approached by a very excited native shouting all sorts of things in his own tongue. The situation demanded some tact.

"Let me handle him," I said to Babcock, tightening my grip on my newly-acquired mental linguistics, if you follow.

"As you like," he replied generously.

So we had a nice conversation. Of course it was my first real attempt and not easy for me. I had more or less to weigh my words.

Later, back at Babcock's office, I gathered enough courage to ask him what he had thought of my efforts.

"Do you really want to know?" he demanded.

"Certainly," I said.

"Well, look here, I'll write out a record of your little chat in English. That will give you the best idea."

#### RECORD OF CONVERSATION WITH A GHARRY DRIVER.

*Gharry Driver.* Gentlemen, where are you going?

*Englishman.* What do you wish?

*G.D.* Are you going back to town?

*E.* Peace be with you.

*G.D.* With you also. Are you going back to town?

*E.* Why do you not wish us to cross your field?

*G.D.* No, no. Do you wish to take a cab back to the city? Mine is very close and I will take you for little money.

*E.* Yes, we have come from the city. We will not damage your crops.

*G.D.* Sir, you do not understand. I wish to oblige you with my carriage.

*E.* Yes. Do you think it is going to rain?

*G.D.* What is the matter with you? It will rain if heaven wishes.

*E.* Don't you understand? If we cross your fields nothing is the matter.

*G.D.* Please come with me and I will show you what I mean.

*E.* Thank you. We shall not be long.

*G.D.* No, not that way. This is the way to my carriage.

*E.* No, we want to go this way. Thank you. May you be granted long life and health.

*G.D.* And you, Sir. This way please.

*E.* We shall not damage your crops at all. We shall take good care.

*G.D.* What in this you are always saying! I have no crops. I have a carriage.



E. That is right. I am obliged to you.

G.D. It is impossible for me to understand you.

E. With a little difficulty. You have a fine farm.

G.D. I think that you are really mad.

E. May you have many offspring. Goodbye.

G.D. And you. May they be pitied, for you are weak in the head.

E. You are very kind. Thank you. We shall not harm your crops. May you have much wealth. Peace be with you.

G.D. And you whose talk is all of crops and fields. You have been sent among us for our sins.

P.S.—It seems that certain other remarks were incomprehensible.

### The Bee.

I HAD the other morning a curious experience. As I was working, in the country, I was aware gradually that with the warm weather that old familiar sound of a buzzing bee had come back and was filling the room. For many bitter months I had not heard it; and here it was again, and it was with an enlarged satisfaction in the fact of summer that I watched the insect on the window-pane. I was sorry for its stupidity and its anger; but summer—that is what the buzzing meant, which increased as the bee's indignation increased.

For this is what was happening. There are three windows in a row over my desk, facing the garden and the sun. On this occasion those on the sides were open, but the middle one was shut; and it was on the panes of this middle one that the bee, which had mistakenly got indoors, was furiously searching for a way out. Up and down the panes it went, left and right it went, fussing and fuming, never having the sense to do anything but press itself in its rage against the unyielding glass, never having the sense to fix its wonderful eyes upon anything but the flowers with their harvest of pollen and sweetness awaiting it outside; whereas all that it had to do to gain liberty was to recoil for a moment from the window into the room itself, and then, seeing that the two windows which had been on each side of it were open, fly to freedom and food.

But it had not that sense, or, if you like, instinct; although this instinct is what we are told all creatures possess in such abundance as to put us poor mortals to shame.

The result was that, being a humane creature, capable of wearying under continuous and intensifying buzzing, and also under exhibitions of folly, I



Customer. "I ADORE IT, BUT IT ISN'T ME!"

left my desk and, with a handkerchief, captured the bee and directed it to the exit, through which it flew like a bullet without a word of thanks.

Long ago I gave up ants. They were not, I observed, after considering their ways, so remarkably wise; but I have been hypnotised into the conviction that bees could make no mistake. Bees knew. Apart from other parables all in favour of the hive, was I not brought up on the old poem of Maria?—Maria who had an aunt at Leeds, for whom she made a purse of beads. 'Twas nicely done, by all allowed, but praise soon made Maria proud; and she gave way to pride, until her mother, wishing to repress this strong conceit of cleverness, said:

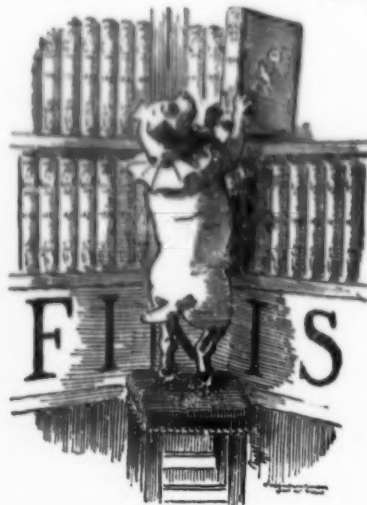
"I will show you, if you please, a honeycomb, the work of bees, when, if only you are fair," she added, "you will admit the insects' greater skill." It was as she said, for in those days children seem to have been instantly and completely amenable, and Maria, on seeing how successfully the poor insects had, without any education or refined assistance, constructed their cells, was forced to admit the insects' greater skill and to agree that her own accomplishment was as nothing.

With such a lesson implanted at so early a period of plasticity, how could I fail always to bring to the contemplation of the bee an extra element of reverence? But never again. I have caught the bee out. E. V. L.

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